

# COUNTRY LIFE

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VAL L'ESTRANGE.

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135, Sloane Street, S.W.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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## EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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## AN IMPERIAL SCHEME OF EMIGRATION.

THERE is no question more urgently demanding attention at this present moment than that of emigration. At present the business of it is carried out in a manner as mischievous as it is haphazard. Emissaries from the Colonies beat the country as carefully from Land's End to John o' Groat's as a sportsman beats his coverts for pheasants, and the result is that there are carried out of the country large numbers of the very people that we most want to retain in it. Those who wish to study the question thoroughly may be referred to the recently-issued Migration Report; but, unfortunately, it is thrust upon our notice in a thousand disagreeable ways. For example, a correspondent from the Welsh Border writes to tell us of the great scarcity of agricultural labourers there, and that the farmers have had to go as far afield as Somerset to fill the vacancies. But this is a minor point. One of far more serious importance is the statement, which we have not verified, but have taken on the authority of a most accurate

and trustworthy correspondent. He tells us that in his county rural schools there are at the present moment two thousand fewer children than there were five years ago. This is one of the most serious statements that could possibly be made. It points probably to several causes being at work. One is that the agricultural labourer and his wife are following the example of those who ought to know better and are refusing to have the large families which used to be characteristic of their class; the other is that the best of the rural classes—the young people newly married or about to be married—are tempted from their old homesteads to take up a Colonial life.

It will be admitted that this is a most deplorable state of affairs. It is all the more deplorable because there is an abundance and to spare of surplus workers in this country who could be emigrated to the general advantage. Not for a moment would we argue that the work-shy, the out-of-work and the unemployable should be drafted out for the purpose, but Government ought to take the matter seriously in hand. Indeed, there is no topic at the present moment more worthy of their attention, and it is understood that if they were to do so, the Colonial Governments would meet them more than halfway. That emigration should proceed at an equal or even an accelerated rate may readily be admitted. The more British subjects settled in British Colonies, the better must it be for the Empire; but this will not hold true if the rural population be continually raided, so that a time may come when only the old and frail and ailing will be left. The question rather is to organize any surplus of labour that there is in the various industries. We notice that someone talks in the Migration Report of there being something like half a million men continually out of work in this country. It is hard to believe such a statement. Hard, anyway, on the part of those who are able to obtain casual and even regular workers only after a long and difficult search. But though the dimensions of the surplus may be in dispute, there can be no doubt about its existence. It consists of people who in their present condition are absolutely unfit to undertake Colonial life. The question arises then, Is it possible to make them fit or to find out if they are really hopeless? We think it is. The very interesting experiment made by the Hon. Rupert Guinness and described in another part of the paper shows how the sons of the educated and well-to-do can be prepared to become good Colonists. Even with them success is not absolutely certain in every case. There are some youths and men who are not born for such work, and it is impossible to teach them anything. But in the ranks of casual labour there must be a very large percentage of men well capable of holding their own in a new country.

An interesting experiment was tried some time ago by selecting men from the Embankment who really belonged to the very lowest stratum of the submerged tenth. They were instructed and helped and sent over to Canada, with the result that only a very small percentage of them turned out to be failures. If this is so with the poor creatures of the Embankment, there is good reason for hoping for better results were the same methods applied to those who are not quite so deeply submerged. The training, however, would have to be done systematically and on a large scale. The difficulty connected with it seems to be inseparable from institutions run by Government. There is experience to show that unless extraordinary care is taken the expenses tend to increase far beyond the advantages secured, and with the increase of expenses there is usually a decrease in efficiency. We cannot help thinking that, if a scheme were carefully thought out, it would be possible to make a school for emigrants nearly if not quite self-supporting. Their business, after all, is to grow food products on the soil, and these products are valuable. They would have an incentive to industry if only those were picked out for emigration who displayed zeal and industry at their work. There would be no reason to make them too comfortable here, but it would be to their ultimate advantage to stir in them the ambition to win a place for themselves in those wider worlds beyond the sea. Such a scheme would require careful consideration, but that it is a practicable one can scarcely be doubted.

## Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR portrait illustration is of Miss Catherine Boscawen, whose engagement to Lord Petre is announced. Miss Boscawen is the daughter of the Hon. J. R. de C. Boscawen and Lady Margaret Boscawen.

\* \* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except upon direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

# COUNTRY NOTES



ON Monday afternoon Mr. Outhwaite discoursed to the Farmers' Club on the taxation and rating of land values. He described the platform of the Land Values Group as a proposal that a national land value tax should be levied in respect of services essentially national, that is to say, education, poor law, police, main roads and pauper asylums. In the discussion which followed the practical farmers spoke unanimously against this proposal. They did not take it seriously. Mr. Outhwaite and Mr. Hemmerde are recognised as speaking in the air. The difference between them and Mr. Lloyd-George is that, whereas they belong to the class of extravagant theorists whose views are only "sound and fury signifying nothing," the Chancellor of the Exchequer, right or wrong, pushes things to a practical conclusion. But evidently there is no harmony among the would-be agrarian reformers. They are touching on interests that conflict even within their own ranks; and it was noteworthy that in his address last week to the National Liberal Club the hopes of the Chancellor reached no higher expression than that we must have a discussion. The farmers were very quick to seize upon the weak spot in the proposal of the land taxers. It is that the end must be to render food very much dearer. Land is the raw material out of which food is produced, and if all those burdens were heaped upon it, the consequence would be famine in the homes of the poor.

But there is a point that, if properly considered, must compel those who place their confidence in logic to hesitate. This is the vast change that has taken place in the character of the British public since the days of the great agricultural depression. Formerly, everybody was interested in agrarian politics, and had some kind of understanding of them. The House of Commons, in a far greater degree than is now the case, reflected the opinions of the landed interest. County families had more representatives within its walls. To-day their place has been largely usurped by lawyers and Labour Members. The latter have been so taken up with questions connected with their own industry, such as the laws affecting Trades Unionism, the hours of labour and the incessant struggle going on between Capital and Labour, that they have had no opportunity of maturing intelligent opinions upon the land question. So it is with the vast army of their followers. Land as a holiday resort, as a solace, as affording pleasant occupation for spare hours, is understood better than ever; but the "item" in the industrial legions is little concerned with its politics. In consequence, he may be very easily misled. In days to come we may expect interest to be roused and centred on the land and, in that case, much education has to be done.

Sir Harry Johnston has recently been giving us some of the observations made by himself in the character of a student of natural history stationed in Regent Street or Bond Street. This is the haunt of well-dressed women, and he noticed that almost every fourth woman who passed him on foot or in a carriage wore the striped black and white fur of the zorilla, or Cape polecat. He traces the fashion to its natural source—Paris—from which the decree has gone forth that "zorilla is the only fur to be worn by smart women at the present time." This does not surprise Sir Harry, who thinks the very striking

coloration of "this species of African skunk" and the similarly coloured South African weasel admirably suited to adorn the fair; but the results, all the same, are deplorable. Destruction of the zorilla is proceeding so fast in French West Africa, in Egypt, in the Northern Sudan and in British South Africa, that before long it will be brought to the verge of extinction. Yet it is a harmless beast by itself, and does not even make any offensive use of its stench-glands after the manner of its American relatives.

The moral drawn is obvious, but convincing. As we described in our columns a little while ago, fox-ranching on Prince Edward Island has now become a considerable industry, as there are on it no fewer than eighty ranches in which the breeding and rearing of the silver fox are carried on successfully. How lucrative the calling is may be inferred from the fact that a few years ago a single skin of this animal was sold for five hundred and forty pounds. Sir Harry Johnston's proposal is that it would be much more humane and much more likely to save our wild fauna if this system of ranching were applied to all fur-producing mammals of the world. The matter is one that might very well be taken up by the Legislature. In France they are arriving at a very different solution of the difficulty. The prices are so high for genuine furs that the ingenious Frenchman has been tempted to cast an eye on the rabbit, and fabrications from the skins of Angora, giant Normans, Russian, blue Vienne and little Polish rabbits are so treated that the ultimate products can scarcely be distinguished by the most expert eye from ermine, otter, blue fox, silver fox, or skunk furs. The breeds of rabbit to which we have alluded have gone up in value; and yet we can scarcely call this a desirable solution of the difficulty.

## RUBICON.

I have been soft as blossom, green as spring,  
And gay as any kind of kitten-thing,  
Have jumped o'er many a metaphoric moon,  
And often thought it would be fine in June;  
In short (to suit the plain, prose-loving tongue),  
I have been young.

A heart that dated from the age of stone,  
The outworn spirit of a mastodon,  
A prehistoric grief, have also been  
My frequent portion on this mortal scene;  
With an intensity no verse may hold,  
I have been old.

These were but varying forms of youth: but *this*?—  
This vacuum, this desert, this abyss  
Of nothingness? Have I, unwitting, gone  
And crossed some horrid, hidden Rubicon?  
Well, I don't care. . . . Ah, proof of proofs!—the stage  
Of Middle Age!

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

What is the exact position of church authorities in regard to plate and other church properties? The question was discussed by Mr. Arthur F. G. Leveson-Gower in a letter to the *Times* dated February 1st. He wrote with special reference to the sale of a mediæval bowl from the church at Studley in Yorkshire. He pointed out the manner in which possession had been obtained of this mediæval porringer. In pre-Reformation days baptism was administered at the earliest possible time after birth, and if illness made the matter urgent, lay baptism was permitted, but on the condition that the vessel used for this purpose should be presented to the church, having, according to the custom of the time, become church property. Now we would imagine that the church authorities are rather in the position of trustees than of owners of properties of this kind. In this case they discharged, or, rather, betrayed, their trust by selling the article, in opposition to the protest of the vicar. Moreover, they did so privately; whereas it is pretty certain that if they had done so publicly they might have obtained a much better price. But that is beside the question. The main consideration is that each generation have only a life interest in those things that have been handed down to them from posterity, and that it is their duty to transmit them to their successors just as they received them from those who went before.

In no other country do types of manhood persist more strongly through the generations than in Scotland, and this was curiously exemplified in the character and attributes of the late Lord Crawford. He belonged to that section of the Scotch nobility which from early days has been distinguished



by love of travel and culture and general intellectualism. That is one reason why so many of the old Scotch poets came from the best families. In Lord Crawford culture did not assume that literary shape which it does, for example, in the Earl of Rosebery, but his mind was mathematical in a way. At any rate, he loved solid facts more than fancies; was no mean astronomer; a fine judge of works of art; a learned bibliophile, and a collector of sound judgment. Few men have been so versatile; a naturalist, a philatelist, yachtsman and traveller, he seemed to get into the very heart of everything he took up. His son and successor, Lord Balcarras, was a very popular figure in the House of Commons. In fact, he has proved himself as Chief Whip a priceless asset of the Conservative Party. He is the sort of man who inspires confidence among all sections of politicians at sight. They knew, to use an expressive colloquialism, that he was "the right sort," and general regret is being expressed at his removal to the comparative oblivion of the House of Lords.

Now and then, though certainly less often than we might expect, we do hear of luxurious, enterprising and opulent persons having a motor fitted up with every necessity for self-contained travel, such as cuisine, beds, etc.—in fact, a motor-caravan. How this compares with travelling 100 years ago is shown in the very entertaining "Correspondence of Sarah, Lady Lyttelton." There is a letter from her mother, Countess Spencer, written from Paris, in September, 1819. With Lord Spencer and their son George, a doctor and the retinue at that time suitable for people in their station, the following is given by Lady Spencer as their travelling equipage: "Our carriage is a roomy and convenient hotel"—in a note to this passage it is stated that "George Spencer writes of this vehicle, 'Thrapps carriage does to admiration, and so do the beds, chairs and table'"—"and the easiest and lightest Berline I ever went in; the two German barouches for George and the doctor, and the other for Drew and *ces dames*, and the *fourgon*, containing every possible household and personal *attirail*, compose our train—thirteen horses and eleven people." It is to be admitted, however, that in the roads of that epoch it is almost certain that so weighty a vehicle as a motor would soon have found itself stuck fast in the mud.

It is rather interesting, just now when criticism is so furiously raging about a certain school of painting—which some would say is no school at all—to recall the comments in one of Hazlitt's essays on a (then) young painter of the name of Turner—"the ablest landscape painter now living, whose pictures are, however, too much abstractions of aerial perspective. The artist delights to go back to the first chaos of the world. All is 'without form and void.' Someone said of his landscapes that they were *pictures of nothing, and very like.*" Hazlitt concludes this, the essay on Imitation, in "The Round Table," with a passage quite in a characteristic vein of ferocity, which will commend itself to many an admirer to-day of the art which others deem "without form and void": "The worst judges of pictures in the United Kingdom are, first, picture-dealers; next, perhaps, the Directors of the British Institution; and after them, in all probability, the Members of the Royal Academy." Hazlitt appears to assume with "gusto"—a word which he much affected—the role of a hater "of both your houses," but it is interesting to see the painter who is academic, and even classic, to-day, subject to the very phrases of criticism which we now apply to our Post-Impressionists and Futurists.

The American *Town and Country*, noting that this is the jubilee year, in a certain sense, of Anglo-Saxon polo, seeing that it is now just fifty years since the original English rules of the game of kangjai, now called polo, were adopted by the Cachar Kangjai Club of Schar, takes occasion to make some amusing quotations from the code adopted at that meeting. "When a player," runs one of the rules, "catches the ball in his hands, he can strike it towards his adversaries' goal by tossing it up and hitting it with his stick, and to give him room to do this he can ride away to clear himself of his enemies; but he can carry the ball no nearer the adversaries' goal than the place where he first caught it." "Spurs and whips," it is enacted, "may be freely used, but only on the rider's own horse; to beat an adversary's horse is foul play." A rule which amplifies the above is that "no player is willingly to strike either his antagonist or his antagonist's horse." But it is provided that "Any player may interpose his horse before his antagonist's, so as to prevent his antagonist from reaching the ball, whether in full career or at the slow pace; and this despite the immediate neighbourhood of the ball." There is also one which is to be regarded perhaps rather as a maxim of etiquette than a rule with a penalty attached to its breaking: "It is understood

that no player shall be under the influence of Bhang-goya or spirituous liquors."

The value of forced flowering shrubs in the conservatory at this season, when very little else is available, is becoming more fully appreciated each year, due, no doubt, to the beautiful groups that have been shown at the Royal Horticultural Society's meetings. On Tuesday last the Hall at Vincent Square contained several large exhibits of these shrubs or small trees, the flowers of which were evidently much appreciated by visitors. Considering the ease with which such kinds as laburnum, wistaria, ornamental plums and crab-apples, magnolias, hardy azaleas, and the beautiful leaved Japanese maples can be forced into growth and flower so early in the year, it is difficult to understand why they are so seldom seen in private gardens. Well-rooted shrubs potted up from the outdoor border in early autumn, and subsequently brought into a greenhouse temperature, will in a few weeks give their wealth of floral beauty some time in advance of their natural flowering season.

#### TO JENKINS.

(Who should not have been reading the A.B.C.)

There's a steamer steams to-day to Manzanillo,  
And another (or the same) to Coronel,  
To Caldera, to Antilla,  
Pacasmayo, Tocopilla,  
Oh, why shouldn't I be steaming there as well?  
Drat the bell,  
Four, two, five—No,  
We're four *three* o,  
To Tampico or to Rio,  
Oh, why shouldn't I be steaming there as well?

Talcahuano, Cartagena,  
Oh, the names of liquid wonder,  
Oh, the blinded, blistered cities,  
Oh, the blue Pacific thunder,  
Guayaquil—  
Pernambuco—"How's the fog, boy?"  
Answer quicker."  
"Yes, sir—thicker."  
"Then slip out and fetch a cab from Ludgate Hill."  
H. H. BASHFORD.

Residents in Surrey are proud of the late George Meredith, but they are not very enthusiastic about the proposal emanating from Mr. Charles Hall. It is that a memorial to the novelist should be placed on Box Hill. "Some artistic obelisk, or fountain, or medallion-bust, suitably inscribed," is suggested. But a correspondent, writing to us on the subject, says with very great truth: "Our lovely hill tops are the most unsuitable spots for memorials to the eminent departed," and the earnest wish of the majority of Surrey residents is for its hills to retain their present wild natural beauty unspoiled by erections of any description." This is in all likelihood the view that Meredith would have taken himself.

For some time past the County Council of Cheshire has come in for a good deal of animadversion on account of the scale of its land-buying operations for small holding purposes. We are always glad to have the explanation of operations from the inside, and a correspondent has very kindly given us the view of those who are responsible. He says their main idea is to encourage co-operation and facilitate railway traffic. Now, it is much more difficult for small holders to work together if they are wide apart. A man at one extremity of a county cannot very well co-operate with one at the opposite extremity; therefore the policy of setting up small holdings in colonies has been formulated, where a dozen or more men are engaged in precisely the same cultivation they can with advantage join forces for the purpose of buying seeds and manure and for selling their goods. Moreover, they are in a better position to obtain good terms from the railway companies, since their numbers enable them to guarantee a more regular supply than is possible when the produce of only a few acres has to be disposed of. Further, he thinks that there is an educational value in having the men near one another. They watch each other's processes and learn from them. Thus, if a man hits on a profitable system of, say, poultry-keeping or cheese-making, those in his immediate neighbourhood are able to profit by the fact and apply his ideas to their particular farms. It is an intelligible defence, and the only criticism one can make upon it is that it takes no account of the expensiveness which has resulted from the method adopted, and finds practical expression in very high rents.



## EDUCATION FOR THE COLONIES.



HIS FIRST DAY AT THE PLOUGH.

It was an inspiration on the part of the Hon. Rupert Guinness to found the Emigration Training Farm at Woking which bears his name. This institution answers so perfectly to a greatly felt want that it is almost sure to become the corner-stone of a new movement in education. The defect in the ordinary system of education is that it does not teach a pupil the use of his hands. We do not say this altogether in blame of the educational system. It is an intelligible argument that the business of the Public School and the University is chiefly of an intellectual kind; it is to teach to think and how to think. A great many other reasons could be suggested to account for a certain "handlessness" in a large proportion of young men after they have completed their education. There are certainly very few, if any, of them who, given a piece of fertile land and the implements proper to its cultivation, could grow their own food. Nor need any class flatter itself that it is the exception. The effect of towns on the vast industrial population assembled in them is to extend a very similar helplessness among them, especially among the women. Instead of doing things themselves, they get their milk from the dairy, their bread from the baker, and their clothes, far too often, ready-made at the cheap draper's shop; whereas their elders often reared the cow from a calf, fed, tended and milked it; they saw the processes which seed corn passes through from the time it is dropped into the moist earth till its increase comes from the mill, and they baked their bread. So, likewise, they used to spin the cloth and, after the cloth was

spun, fashion their own dresses. But now the faculties that enabled them to do this are in danger of becoming atrophied through disuse. So that the weakness observable in one class comes out in a different form in another class. But the difference is that, whereas the labourer's wife can live and die without her inefficiency being revealed, the emigrant, to whatever class he belongs, very soon finds out in the country of his adoption the lack of practical training. The revelation usually comes with a sharp lesson, especially in Canada, where at present muscle commands a much better price than brain. If a youth is only capable of being a clerk or a shopman, he is much better in England than in the Colonies, and, unfortunately, a great many do not realise this until they have made the experiment. The object of Mr. Guinness is, in the case of young men who are intending to emigrate, to supplement the book knowledge of the schools with practical training on a farm. The teaching he offers is thoroughly suited to those who have made up their minds to go in for farming in Canada or any of the other Dominions. Those who know Woking need not be told much about the

character of the land there. It lends itself to many beautiful and picturesque effects, because it is diversified, to a considerable extent clad with heather, bracken, and especially adapted to the growth of the birch—one of the most beautiful of our trees. But much of it is practically waste, and, in other words, it offers a problem very similar to that which confronts the pioneer in Canada. And the business of the pupils is to help in reclaiming it. The plan on which the scheme



A CANADIAN BUGGY.

is worked is admirable in every respect, but chiefly in that it develops self-dependence and resourcefulness. Here are no theoretical teachers laying down rules and principles; but there is the land and there are the implements for cultivating it. The regulations to which the pupils must submit are strict and simple in character. The principal one in our estimation is that which relates to the hours of work, which are a close approximation to those in Canada. The pupils must rise at 4.45 in the morning, then do feeding, grooming, milking, harnessing and "mucking out." They have breakfast at half-past six and then a spell of work from seven to twelve with horses, cattle, or in the fields. They have an hour for dinner, "plenty but plain," working again from one to six, after which supper, and supper finished they go the rounds, and at half-past nine lights are out. A laborious day, but a day very typical of those on a Canadian farm. A day of which the hardship would never be felt by those who have genuine taste for farmwork, but



MOWING HEATHER—THE LAST PATCH.

handled is a familiar tool in the hands of the Canadian settler, and he who is expert in its use can with it cut down large trees in an incredibly short time, or he can fashion with it a dainty piece of carving that makes you wonder at his delicacy of touch. The boys were beginners and had not yet acquired "the tricks of the tool's true play"; but they were working so hard and so intelligently that in a very short time they are likely to become very expert indeed. On an adjacent patch another pupil was engaged in the work of mowing. It may sound a strange task in midwinter, but it is necessary to cut the heather before proceeding further with the work of reclamation. It was a ticklish job, as the Canadian hay-cutter in use had not been originally designed for the purpose of cutting a crop so hard and wiry as heather, while the gorse bushes freely interspersed required to be negotiated with considerable skill. But the pupil was more than equal to the task. He managed two big and not over-tractable horses with a patience and aptitude which marked him out as one endued with the gift of dealing with animals, and he did his cutting, too, with remarkable

care. It is a part of the policy of the farm to trust the pupils out with teams of horses as early as possible, and to let them take their luck as far as the tempers of the animals go. They



A LESSON IN CLEARING.

likely to cure those who only fancy they have such a taste. On Saturday, through the courtesy of Mr. Guinness, I had an opportunity of going over the farm and seeing these young men at work. The estate now comprises nearly seven hundred acres. Mr. Guinness began with two hundred and forty acres, but did not find the space sufficient. It ought to be said at the beginning that, without exception, the young men seemed particularly happy at their tasks. If they were getting nothing else, it was evident, at any rate, that they were laying in stores of good health and good spirits. And it says much for them that they have taken so kindly to a life of which they had no experience. The majority are Public School boys from Eton, Harrow and Rugby, and probably had been brought up with the idea that such work as they are engaged in should be done by servants. Now, a boy may handle a cricket bat very adroitly and yet feel awkward when a woodman's axe is placed in his hand and he is sent to make a clearing among small trees. This is what the first group of "labourers" were engaged in. The little Canadian axe they



TROUBLE WITH THE MOWER.

have to do their best with them, just as they would have to do if they were in one of the Prairie Provinces; and though occasionally the team goes home to lunch before the driver gives the word, the system, on the whole, works well and has led to no serious accident or mishap of any kind. In another field two young men were ploughing. One was making his first attempt and it was only the second day of the other, and they shaped wonderfully well, one turning a furrow that would have done credit to a ploughman of greater experience, and the other performing creditably. The notable and important fact, however, was not their proficiency or the absence of it, but their being thrown on their own resources. This is very analogous to what would occur if they had gone out to Canada, and shows how carefully the conditions here are reproduced so as to fit the pupils for making a good start in the Colonies. The same principle is applied to the dairy. It is of a type common in



COWSHEDS OF THE CANADIAN TYPE.



A STUDENT AND HIS TEAM.

there is no observant eye upon them, the memory of the neatness and tidiness which they have had to attend to here must be of great benefit. The dwelling-place of the pupils is the old farmhouse partly rebuilt and modelled after those on the very best farms in Canada. It is designed to accommodate about thirty men in a plain way, and a new Canadian pattern kitchen range has just been installed. The pupils have no servants, but have to do the work of the house themselves. They take this charring and cooking in rotation. They do it very well too. In the bedrooms especially one felt that the most absolute cleanliness was maintained, and the air was as fresh and pure as it could be on the heath. Thus the boys are made to depend upon themselves entirely, and live here just as they might do in the Dominion with the lonely prairie all round them. It may be asked how long this training should last. The lowest period for which a

Canada, and in some respects might be more widely copied here. The stalls, for example, are of simple construction, and the mechanical headgear for the cows, which is simple, effective and practical, must effect a considerable saving of time and labour as compared with the old plan of tying them. Plenty of air-space and light, good drainage and excellent arrangements for securing cleanliness are the characteristics of the cowshed. The cows are short-horns of the dual-purpose type—good heavy animals that are yielding plenty of milk in the meantime and fitted to make saleable butchers' beasts when their milking career is ended. The byre was in its everyday condition, and although it had not been cleaned out immediately before our arrival, there was evidence to show that this duty was regularly performed. The cows, too, are in the habit of being groomed, and there was no dirt sticking either to their udders or to their skin. The stable was even more scrupulously kept than the cowbyre, and even if some of the pupils slack a little when they get out to the Colony and



FARMHOUSE AND DORMITORY.



pupil can be taken is six weeks, and one of them has gone to Canada and done very well with only that period, but a longer time is highly recommended. It should be proportionate to the aptness of the pupil. Some take to the work very kindly, but others, who may succeed very well in the end, find it very difficult to fall into the way of manual labour. Another word ought to be added about the question of expense, as youths who are going out to the Colonies do not usually possess a large amount of capital. To begin with, there is no fee for tuition. In fact, the principle of the college is that the pupil, with a few hints from the very competent manager, should be able to teach himself. For the first six weeks the pupil is charged 25s. a week for his board—a very reasonable sum, which is reduced afterwards if he proves himself efficient. In certain cases even a small weekly payment is made to those who are efficient and useful. In fact, proficiency is the great test, and those who are keen and hard-working are provided with situations in Canada. At any rate, the school works in conjunction with the London offices of some of the provincial Governments of Canada, and work can be guaranteed on farms in that country at any time of the year. From time to time, too, vacancies occur in the farm which Mr. Guinness owns in Eastern Canada, and these are offered to the students who show the greatest enthusiasm and energy. In order to ensure that the pupils really mean business, every candidate is expected to deposit with the Hon. Rupert Guinness enough money to pay his passage to his destination in whatever country he intends to go to, and also the amount required by the Immigration Department for permission to settle in that country. Thus for Canada the deposit works out as follows:

	£	s.	d.
Ocean fare, second cabin (about) .. ..	10	10	0
Immigration fee .. ..	5	0	0
Rail fare from port of landing to Toronto ..	1	15	5
<hr/>			
Rail fare from port of landing to Winnipeg ..	3	15	0
Rail fare from port of landing to Calgary ..	5	10	0
Rail fare from port of landing to Vancouver ..	8	3	7

There is also a deposit of £2 10s. required to cover medical attendance and breakages. Supposing the destination to be

Calgary, Alberta, the following would be the amount of the deposit required:

	£	s.	d.
Deposit of ocean fare, second cabin .. ..	10	10	0
Canadian immigration fee .. ..	5	0	0
Rail fare to Calgary .. ..	5	10	0
<hr/>			
	£21	0	0
Six weeks' board in advance .. ..	6	0	0
Contingency deposit .. ..	2	10	0
<hr/>			
	£29	10	0

It would be easy to show how this experiment on the part of Mr. Guinness might be expanded into a system that would embrace all the emigrating classes in the United Kingdom; but that would be to expound the obvious. The most interesting application would be one to the education of those townsmen who have no acquaintance with land and still are anxious to find work in the Dominions. There are many of these who would be promising material.

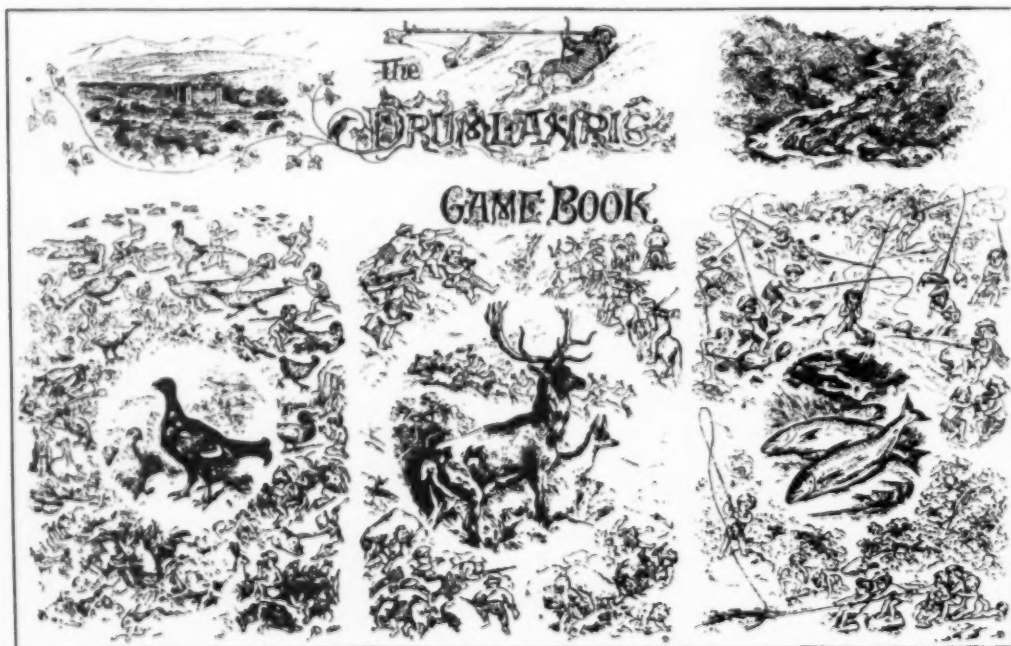
At any rate, Mr. Rupert Guinness must be congratulated on having done pioneer work. There are no doubt many institutions in the country where special attention is given to preparation for Colonial life; but although it is very proper and desirable that agricultural colleges, for example, should keep the needs of the Colonies in view in their curriculum, it is a different thing altogether that Mr. Guinness has achieved. What he offers is a short course of instruction which is entirely concentrated on preparation for Colonial work. His method of doing it is as original as the idea itself. He refuses to have the scheme described as being philanthropic in character, and, in fact, he told the writer that if the charges made did not meet the expenses he would increase them; but, at the same time, he is not seeking to make a profit. His return comes in the shape of additional interest added to life and in the gratification of being able to give a much better start to the young men under his charge than they would otherwise have been able to secure; and these, after all, are no slight rewards, especially if taken with the consideration that his work is of high Imperial value. These young men ought to form a desirable leaven in the miscellaneous crowd hasting to the Dominion.

## THE GAME-BOOK AT DRUMLANRIG CASTLE.

THE itinerant shooter's personal game-book, so much in evidence at this season, recording its owner's triumphal progress from one scene of artistic carnage to another, is a comparatively modern conception, originating from, and developing with, the restless and emulative conditions under which our sport is now pursued. To turn from its columns of four-figure casualty lists, embellished by photographs of stately mansions and fair spectators, to the only species of game-book in ordinary use

some fifty or sixty years ago, recalls the dictum of a late well-known Highland gentleman, to the effect that "Since women came to the lodges, the Highlands have gone to the devil." Perhaps the best-known game-book of last century is that preserved at Heron Court, unique in interest for naturalist and sportsman. A record no less accurate in detail, and more humorously illustrative of what we may call the "recreative" style of shooting, is to be found between the covers which the accompanying sketches were intended to

adorn: a record of sport enjoyed as a daily occupation by the host, his family and friends, on an estate whose moors, woods and arable land provided an abundant supply of genuinely wild game. To quote figures in a competitive sense is almost tantamount to insulting the *genus loci*, whose presence seems to breathe over each page; nevertheless, figures cannot but be instructive, where unaffected by rearing-field conditions. For instance, it may be noted that black-game, of which the oft-quoted record day's bag was made on this estate, attained the zenith of their prosperity in 1861, when the total killed was one thousand nine hundred and seventy-one, more than double the number reached in any year since 1871, until we come to 1910. Hares existed in prodigious numbers; the fact that this is still the case is a proof of the absence of that feeling



DICKY DOYLE'S TITLE PAGE.

which has wiped them out on so many estates. But, of quadrupeds, by far the most interesting must have been the gigantic fallow deer for which the woods at Drumlanrig were famous; roaming over a large area, where food and shelter were abundant, these mischievous beasts (for they fattened themselves on the home farms) attained weights seldom reached by fallow bucks in this country, the heaviest of which a record remains being eighteen stones, weighed clean, but surely not excluding heart and liver. Alas! their misdeeds necessitated their extermination.

But stranger items, by far, than heavy deer are to be encountered in the column fittingly headed "Extraordinaries," among which are sarcastically entered "1 Baronet and 1 Field Marshall"! Let us hope that these notables were merely

mark of confidence that they fired a salute of three barrels, studiously avoiding injuring even a feather." A few days later, "an old grey hen, knowing the date (Aug. 19) well, sat chuckling in the rushes. Ignorant ass! The Captain, having lost his eye for natural history during his residence in the East, smote the poor brute as she rose smilingly from his feet." Black-game were, of course, in the middle of last century entered as "Grey Fowl," the cocks being respectfully alluded to as "Old Parties," the hens as "Scotch Greys"; hares are often mentioned as "Timids."

The dogs belonging to various individuals were as unfailing a source of amusement to others than their owners as is the case now, or even more so; for retrievers in those days were neither over-broken nor lacking initiative; though "when the Honourable C. D. appeared in correct bloomer costume"—here we have the dawn of the knickerbocker—"his retriever did not know him." Hares appear to have provided abundant temptation to such dogs as one Drake, whose "master, assisted by his celebrated and determined Harrier, was as usual the hero of the chase." On October 6th, 1853, we find the entry, "Weather wild, gents wild, Beaters wild, Shaw (the Head-keeper) wild, crow wildest of all, barring his master, who wholloped him still more wildly." Worse disaster befel one of the party a week later, on a day when the "Old Parties" are recorded as being "uncommon sharp," although over seventy were killed, for "Sailor requiring chastisement met it at the expense of his master's shoulder, which, in administering the same, he put out." One of the party was severe on the grey hens and did not escape: "Lord E. F. paid great attention to the Grey Ladies, several of whom, captivated by . . . his bewitching moustache, fell down at his feet. The Old Parties, being jealous, cut his Lordship." The worst canine offender was one Moss, whose owner was on one occasion "so exhausted by the castigation he administered that he was unable to bag a single bird." Poor Moss was a troublesome treasure; on the very next day we read that "he had far better be sold to draw a dog's-meat cart than attempt to eat any more hares." To those benighted Southrons who decry the absence of humour in the Scottish rustic, we commend the entry of October 1st, 1856: "On the return home, the gallant Colonel remarked to a man playing on a tin flute, that he was much obliged to him for his charming music; upon which the worthy replied that he was not playing to him, but to the gentlemen."

What inconveniences were inseparable from the use of muzzle-loaders! "Lord X. slaughtered his

first black-cock: the bird was supposed to have shown fight, which caused his Lordship to fell him with so violent a blow that he broke his ramrod," and was thus rendered non-combatant for the rest of the day; while on another occasion a certain gentleman, "after shooting his gun off in vain for some time, found that he had loaded with the waddings before the powder." The last paragraph in the oldest of these volumes is instructive. "Ninety-five pounds of powder expended by the gentlemen" (up to the end of October) resulted in 2,677 head of game being bagged: "Shaw (the head keeper) remarks that there are about one hundred charges to each pound." Well, the proportion works out at one kill to three and a-half discharges, or very little worse than what has been decreed as a fair average for a fair shot, who takes his chances as they come, and a good deal better than many modern sportsmen would achieve at driven black-game

## GAME BOOK



"THE SUPER-STAG."

peppered at long range. On October 8th, 1845, Count Karolyi is credited with "1 Tiger"; and, indeed, poor pussy, thus glorified after death, adorns this column with surprising frequency, in juxtaposition to such lesser fry as weasels, dabchicks, herons, adders, and (last but not least) a "Bohemian Chatterer," whose conqueror (September 29th) was cynically advised to "have it stuffed to show to his Southern friends, the bird not being usually met with till October 1st!" Much as these gentlemen of a bygone age enjoyed their sport, often pursued in defiance of weather and ill-luck, they seem fairly to have revelled in the good-humoured sarcasms which prompted the post-prandial pen, and pencil, too; for remarks are frequently interlarded with explanatory sketches, picturesquely recording such scenes as that presented, for instance, when "a brood of grouse got up from under the feet of A. and B., who were both so touched by this



(at which most of this particular period's shooting was directed), armed to the teeth with every *fin-de-siècle* implement of death. In his introduction of red deer upon the scene, the artist has



IN THE STYLE OF THE FIFTIES.

made free use of the license accorded to his craft, for it is many a year since the last of the race—in a state *feræ naturæ*, at any rate—yielded throat to knife in the county of Dumfries. The real, too, has been inimitably blended with the ideal, for surely not the most princely domain in mediæval Germany, nor the recesses of the Bighorn Mountains in their heyday, ever produced horns such as adorn the stag, or “super-stag” (*pace* Mr. Bernard Shaw), occupying the place of honour in the centre panel. Among the fantasies flanking this noble hart, the scraps of parsley, as it were, garnishing the joint, it is interesting to trace the unconscious influence of Landseer, especially in the diminutive figure endeavouring to restrain a branch of deerhounds!

But there is nothing of exaggeration in Mr. Doyle's admirable black-cock; he is not even depicted as being under the inconvenient necessity of walking up hill in order to prevent wear and tear to his tail—one of the jests served out to an English visitor in the fifties, but with a flavour truly Herodotean. Each figure in the surrounding miscellaneous nightmare of bird and beast, whimsical blend of the sublime with the ridiculous, betrays a struggle between humour and such truth as only accurate observation can get. The glories represented in the “fishing” panel are, alas! mostly departed. History indeed tells of one day upon which three salmon met their death, and, as the rod on that occasion was clerically wielded, history must be believed; but it is very old history, “whatever.” In these latter days a sad proportion of those fish—none too numerous—

which the nets below fail to encompass, and the obstructions to obstruct, must be fairly, or rather, foully, blinded and sickened by the hideous compounds emanating from sundry pits, potteries and other abominations near the source of the river. It is a sad pity, for this Nith is a lovely river, reminding one, in two or three of its rockier miles, of the Upper Spean. A fortnight has now been added to the period during which its piscine population may be legally irritated by the angler and his lures.

But, alas! of what use is such an extension of time to the sportsman, if there are not the fish to pit his cunning against? These records of days that are past and men who have gone fill us with a whimsical and “most humorous sadness”; a spirit in keeping with that in which Dick Doyle worked when he set out to embellish the book with the quaint varied conceits which have endeared him to more than his own generation, and which will keep his memory green for very many years to come.

DOUGLAS CAIRNS.

## THE WEIGHT OF WOODCOCKS.

AS the weight of woodcocks is a subject in which many are interested, the following notes may be of value to some of your readers. In my article on woodcock in “British Game-Birds and Wildfowl” (London and Counties Press Association, Limited, 6, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C., 1912), pages 237-34, I was enabled, through the kindness of Mr. Edward J. Mann, to give the weights of 138 woodcocks killed in four seasons on his father's shootings in Norfolk. The average weight of these birds for the four seasons was curiously even, as will be seen from the following particulars:

Woodcocks.						Average	
						Largest.	Smallest.
						oz.	oz.
1908-9	..	42	..	14½	..	9½	.. 11'89
1909-10	..	36	..	14	..	8½	.. 11'80
1910-11	..	30	..	14½	..	9½	.. 11'83
1911-12	..	30	..	14½	..	9	.. 11'80

On December 31st, 1912, sixteen woodcocks were killed in the Black Isle, Cromarty, and as they appeared to be exceptionally large, plump birds, I carefully weighed them, with the following results:

OLD MALES.				OLD FEMALES.			
Length of bill.		Weight.		Length of bill.		Weight.	
in.	oz.			in.	oz.		
2'8	..	15½		3'25	..	15	
2'8	..	14		3'2	..	16	
2'8	..	14		3'15	..	15	
2'8	..	14		3'1	..	15	
2'75	..	16		3'0	..	15	
2'7	..	15		3'0	..	15	
YOUNG MALES (birds of the year).				YOUNG FEMALES (birds of the year).			
2'65	..	12½		2'95	..	13	
2'45	..	12		2'9	..	12½	

The average weight of the twelve old woodcocks was about 15oz., and of the four young birds about 12½oz. It must be clearly stated that in few cases only was the sex of these birds ascertained by actual dissection. They were first of all divided into old and young birds by the markings of the plumage of the upper parts, and especially those of the tail-feathers. The sexes were then determined by the length of the bill, and the birds divided into two heaps. One or two were then picked out at random and the sex ascertained by dissection. In every instance it was found to be correct. It would have been satisfactory to have examined each bird, but under the circumstances this was impossible. The birds were all very fat and in splendid condition, the weather being comparatively mild and open and food abundant. The length of the bill is the only external character which appears to afford an almost certain means of distinguishing between the sexes. In adult males the length measured from the feathers on the forehead to the tip is 2'7in. to 2'85in., rarely 2'9in.; in adult females 3'0in. to 3'3in. It would seem also as though, given similar conditions, the female was usually rather heavier than the male.

W. R. OGILVIE-GRANT.





## TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

## THE EXCEPTION.

BY

BRENDA ELIZABETH SPENDER.



"THERE she is," said the Major. "No, no, not the stout lady—the girl in black; that's Miss Dalhousie." The words were addressed, presumably,

to his niece, who sat beside him, but were spoken loudly enough to enlighten half-a-dozen people to left and right and as many on the opposite side of the dinner-table. It had been the Major's good fortune to overhear Miss Dalhousie's surname as she gave it at the office, to fix her Christian name by a reference to the visitors' book, and to spread through the Pump House the ear-tickling news that Elizabeth Dalhousie, traveller, journalist, magnificent apostle of women's rights and gifted novelist, had arrived in their midst.

"The Miss Dalhousie," said those guests whom the Major informed of the thrilling news.

"Miss Elizabeth Dalhousie, the author of 'Through the Barrier,'" Major Dacre answered them, and his audience, according to age and taste, said, "What an acquisition, Major!" or "How delightful!" or "Simply ripping," and went forthwith to spread the news to the best of their ability. The result very naturally was that everyone had come down to dinner that evening more or less excited, for life at the Pump House at Llananach was singularly eventless, and the arrival of such a celebrity as this made no small stir. Therefore when the Major's identification gave the signal, people who had watched him from every quarter of the big dining-room looked up from soup or savoury, and Elizabeth Dalhousie found herself the objective of curious glances upon every side as she followed her aunt and chaperon towards their table. It was one of these small ones of which a little group stands almost in the centre of the room, so from every direction the tall woman in her picturesque black gown could be conveniently observed of all observers, and as conversation became general again various comments on her appearance were whispered under the cover of the buzz of tongues and the ring of laughter.

"An interesting-looking woman, 'pon my soul," said the Major, feeling a showman-like patronage for the lady, since he had discovered her identity. Peggy, his tall niece, received such lukewarmness with absolute contempt.

"Why, Uncle, she's simply beautiful—a little white and sad, but such a romantic, dreamy face, and such lovely, far-seeing eyes. Don't you think so, Mr. Franklinton?"

The man addressed, who sat at a little distance, raised his shoulders in the slightest possible shrug. "I can't say yet, Miss Dacre, but I'll take your word for it. From here the only thing I can discover is that she has glorious back hair!"

"She isn't a bit disappointing, like so many famous people are!" said the lady on Major Dacre's right.

Elizabeth Dalhousie herself, as she ate her dinner and listened almost without comprehension to the stream of small complaints which made her aunt's habitual conversation, was perfectly well aware of the fact that she was being discussed by these strangers. She was not particularly surprised at it, nor even very much annoyed; a vague wonder that apparently well-educated people should be so ill-bred, and a slight sense of pity for the dullness which they must have endured before they could be able to become so unduly excited about a new arrival, were all that the knowledge awoke in her, and she was quite content after dinner to sit in a quiet corner of the drawing-room beside her aunt and pick up the stitches in that lady's knitting which were perpetually and inexplicably being dropped. Many curious glances were turned upon the two ladies from time to time, but no one seemed to care to be the first to break the ice and speak to them, so by common consent that duty was handed over to Major Dacre; and even he had not sufficient courage to approach until the elder lady at last brought out a pack of patience cards and proceeded to attempt "Miss Milligan" upon a table at some little distance, thus leaving her companion alone. The Major saw his opportunity, and approached the Chesterfield upon which Elizabeth sat. He bowed with considerable pompousness and an air of old-fashioned courtesy.

"Miss Elizabeth Dalhousie, I believe—my name is Dacre. I am afraid that as we have no mutual friend I must ask you to excuse my self-introduction." Elizabeth encouraged him with a smile, winking inwardly at his extraordinarily impressive manner. The old gentleman continued, "I have been intending to give

myself the pleasure of making your acquaintance all the evening."

"You are very kind." The Major bowed again.

"I wanted to talk to you about your work, Miss Dalhousie. I'm only a rough old soldier myself, but I can assure you that it has been appreciated by fellows I may say a good deal less sensitive even than myself. I remember once, at Srinagar it was, a man said to me—"

"Please," Elizabeth interrupted him without ceremony. "I know you mean kindly. I am very grateful and I do thank you most sincerely, but it is a subject on which I cannot speak—I cannot even bear to hear other people talk about it. I don't mean to be peevish or silly, Colonel Dacre—"

"Major," he interrupted.

"Major—I beg your pardon—but it is inexpressibly painful to me. If you would promise never to mention it again or to let anyone here know about it, I should be more grateful, more happy than you could easily believe." There were tears of real emotion in her eyes as she made her appeal, and the little Major was inexplicably touched. Of course he could not understand her feelings on the subject, but then women of genius were notoriously a little strange in their ideas, and he gave her his promise with all seriousness, while his conscience reproached him with the fact that already through his agency Miss Dalhousie's identity was known to every guest in the hotel, and she might be subjected by them to remarks upon her work at any moment. So far as his light went, the Major deserved the title of "officer and gentleman," which he would not have hesitated to claim, and his duty lay clear before him. He had made her known, he must extract from everyone else a promise equivalent to that which he himself had made. That evening the bridge table saw him not; in the billiard-room he only paused a moment, leaving a puzzled but convinced group of men among the cues and balls. Franklinton was one of the last to whom he appealed. He found him walking to and fro on the terrace outside the drawing-room window.

"I saw you talking to the authoress just now, Major. How do you like her?" said the younger man.

The Major looked up from the process of lighting his cigar.

"A charming young lady, but a little strange about her writing."

"A little strange about her writing, was she?" Franklinton's dark face looked extraordinarily and not very pleasantly amused by the light of the Major's match. "Then she admitted that she was the Elizabeth Dalhousie?"

"Yes, of course, the author of 'Through the Barrier,' but it seems she has the strongest objection to talking about herself and her work—in fact, she extracted a promise from me that I would never mention it to her again. Since it is owing to my—er—acumen that her identity has been discovered, I feel myself bound to ask everyone to make a similar concession to the lady's rather over-strained feelings, and promise to leave the subject severely alone."

"Oh, I promise all right, Major. I'll leave it alone."

Franklinton pitched his half-smoked cigar into a laurustinus bush and began to laugh. The Major joined him.

"A strange foible, Franklinton."

"A very strange one," agreed the younger man.

All open acknowledgment of Miss Dalhousie's genius thus being prevented, the consciousness of it was but driven more securely into the minds of the Pump House guests. They whispered among themselves, quoted her books and compared them with her sayings, identified her as being, with a few slight and insufficient shreds of disguise, her own heroine in "Through the Barrier," and speculated upon which of the visitors at Llananach would best supply her with "copy" for her next novel. Stories as to the vast sums that she had earned in royalties were freely circulated; some said that her regular income amounted to thousands of pounds, and tales of her eccentricities and her retiring disposition were confirmed by her inexpensive dresses and simple tastes. After that first uncomfortable evening no one had cause to complain that she was distant or unapproachable. Peggy Dacre adored her, the Major was her slave, those of the hotel guests who were there for the cure were grateful for the interest which she afforded to them, those whom the golf course

had brought to Llananach admired her upon more personal grounds; among the younger men a frankly competitive spirit arose, and the one who could boast the largest share of Miss Dalhousie's attention stood visibly exalted above his fellows. To Elizabeth herself it seemed that a kind of miracle had happened; in spite of her undeniable beauty she had always been a little too cold, a little too reserved, to be attractive to the majority of men, and now quite suddenly and, as far as she herself was aware, without any change in her manner or attitude, she had come to occupy the position of a reigning belle. Every unmarried man in the hotel was at her beck and call; did she need a chair, chairs were borne towards her from every quarter of the compass; did she approach a door, men jostled each other in their eagerness to open it for her.

"You are quite a success, Elizabeth," said her aunt, in the privacy of their own rooms. "You are—how old is it?—well, over thirty. If you don't want to be an old maid, you had better take your chance now that you have it. How do you like that Mr. Benson from Manchester, who has the big motor-car?"

Elizabeth shook her head, but blushed all the same, for Mr. Benson stood head and shoulders above the crowd of her admirers in position and wealth and in the avowed depth of his feeling for herself.

Franklinson was the only other man in the hotel who could claim to be his rival, and he was somewhat diffident and peculiar in his manner, sometimes seeming to be attracted by Miss Dalhousie, sometimes avoiding her for a day or two, so that, as Elizabeth's aunt phrased it, "You can never be really sure of him; and if he is a good deal cleverer than Mr. Benson, he isn't anything like as well off, and a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

Elizabeth's aunt was not the only person who speculated upon the subject of Elizabeth's lovers. At first the interest was general, and in some quarters a little envious; but finally it became obvious to everyone that the affair had settled down into a duel between Benson and Franklinson, and people began to take sides and even to make a mild bet or two upon the subject, odds, on the whole, being in Benson's favour as the more likely to win the lovely Miss Dalhousie, her wealth and fame, for he at least was undoubtedly in earnest, and of the sincerity of Franklinson's intentions various opinions were entertained. The matter came to the issue on a bright September afternoon, when Benson had persuaded Peggy Dacre and Miss Dalhousie to let him take them out in his car, and by judicious hints discreetly given had influenced the romance-loving Peggy to develop at the furthest part of the journey a sudden desire to climb a hillside and pick heather, and an equally sudden conviction that Elizabeth was looking pale and must not accompany her.

"Mr. Benson shall go with you, then, and I'll wait in the car," said Miss Dalhousie; but Peggy refused his escort in terms so definite as to be almost rude, and as soon as her slim young figure, with the long, straight pigtail demurely falling over one shoulder as she bent to gather the heather, had passed out of earshot, Stafford Benson rushed full speed into the declaration of his love.

Elizabeth listened with glowing cheeks and averted eyes; she did not even protest when he took her passive hand. She was wondering whether she could bring herself to say, "Yes." She had liked him if she did not love him, and she had guessed to the full how bare and lonely her life would inevitably become if love and marriage never linked it to another life.

"I have loved you ever since I saw you, Elizabeth," the young man protested. "I'm not well off for my position, but with our incomes put together I think we could jog along very comfortably; anyhow, we'd have love—"

"My income?" Elizabeth interrupted. "Who told you I had an income?"

"Well, nobody exactly; but then, everyone knows that books which sell like yours must make something pretty considerable."

"Books—did you say books?"

Benson repeated the assertion, but his voice had lost a little of its determination and eagerness.

"You have made a big mistake; I never wrote anything in my life. My cousin, Elizabeth White, writes under the name of Dalhousie; but I assure you that genius doesn't run in the family. Until six months ago I was an Army nurse; but I overworked in India and strained my heart, and I have had at last to give it up. So far from having an income of my own, my pension is so small that I am glad to be my aunt's paid companion." She stopped, and the sound of Peggy singing, inspired by the heather, something about an All Hallows Evening and arms that longed to enfold a lost dear one, floated clearly down to her ears. Stafford Benson said nothing; he stood staring at his boots, and when the silence grew irksome it was Miss Dalhousie who suggested that the subject of their conversation should never be mentioned between them again.

The drive back to the hotel was sufficiently dreary and embarrassing even to depress Peggy, who gladly forsook her travelling companions and went off to have tea in the drawing-room as soon as they got in. Elizabeth, too sick at heart to face the lights and the talk and laughter, went up to her room. A note lay on her dressing-table, addressed in a hand that she had little difficulty in recognising as Hector Franklinson's. She stood and looked at it for a long minute in silence, then she sighed, and two tears slipped out from beneath her eyelashes. She kissed the envelope once, but did not open it; then she went down as she was, in her fur cap and veil, to search for the writer. She found him

in the reading-room; fortunately no one else was there, and the only light was that of the glowing fire.

"I have come to bring you this, Mr. Franklinson," she said.

He stood up hastily at her voice, and the hand in which he took the unopened letter trembled a little.

"Won't you—won't you even read it, Miss Dalhousie?"

She shook her head.

"You mean that Stafford Benson is—you care for him?"

"No. I care for nobody, Mr. Franklinson, but I find there has been a great mistake. People have confused me with my cousin, the authoress. I do not write. I am my aunt's companion. My own career—I was an Army nurse till I overworked—is finished—"

Her voice trembled and she stopped short. Franklinson's dark face slowly cleared into an inscrutable smile.

"I understood that you had claimed the authorship of 'Through the Barrier' at least," he said.

"That was Major Dacre's misunderstanding. He spoke of my work and, of course, I thought he knew, being an Army man."

Franklinson nodded.

"I understand," he said; "and now that you have told me all this—which, by the by, I knew before, because my firm happens to be your cousin's publishers—I wonder if you would still be kind enough to read this letter?" He held the note out to her, and she took it and opened it, but got no further.

"You must read it to me, you must tell me what it is, it is too dark." There was a sound of tears in her voice that lent Hector Franklinson a sudden courage.

"It simply was to ask you, because I hadn't enough pluck to put it into words, for your love—if you could be my wife."

"Although you thought that I was cheating?"

She looked up at that with big grave eyes, and the man's tall figure, outlined in the fire-glow, gave her a sense of protection and rest that was strange and very sweet. He had not touched her, and yet she felt herself trembling and quivering and thrilling in every nerve. She gave him a little cold gloved hand. "You wanted me in spite of that?"

"Do you mean—do you mean that you—you like me?" He stammered, took her hand in his and drew her a little closer, looking wistfully into her blushing face.

"I mean," said Elizabeth, concisely, "that I told a—well, I wasn't speaking the truth when I said just now that I didn't care for anybody—there is one exception—"

Before she could complete the sentence, the exception had been in his arms.

## AN OLD YEAR BOOK.

A VALUED correspondent, Mr. Trower of Wiggie, Redhill, has sent us a copy of "Rider's British Merlin" for 1760, a publication which is probably well known to many of our readers. It was very popular with country people in its day, and we have frequently come across copies in country houses, the gay description on the frontispiece being every time as amusing as it was before. We refer to the little paragraph which says it is "Adorn'd with many delightful and useful Verities, fitting all Capacities in the Islands of Great Britain's Monarchy." Mr. Trower points out several things that he thinks worthy of notice, as showing changes that have taken place. For example, members of the Royal Family are not to-day openly mixed up with public companies; but in 1760 His Royal Highness George, Prince of Wales, was Governor of the British White Herring Fishery—a company that numbered many well-known names on its council. King George II. was himself Governor of the South Sea Company. In the merry England of that time there were far more Bank Holidays than there are to-day, that is to say, holidays kept at the Exchequer, Stamp Office, Excise Office, Custom House, Bank, East India and South Sea House. They included many anniversaries that we allow to pass without notice, as St. Swithin's Day, the days of St. Matthew, St. Michael and St. Luke, St. Simon and St. Jude, the Circumcision, Epiphany, Purification of the Virgin Mary, Valentine Day, St. Matthias and the Birthday of the Duke of Cumberland. There were fifty-four of these holidays. The rates of postage were, of course, much higher than now. They amounted to four shillings an ounce for letters to New York and six shillings an ounce to the islands of Barbadoes, Antigua and Jamaica. We have the mails that go out to many foreign parts, but, curiously enough, France is not mentioned. Sixty-seven letter carriers were employed at eleven shillings a week; their wages now would be from twenty-five to thirty shillings a week. The Postmaster-General has not got his salary raised in proportion. The increased salary of the letter-carriers amounts to one hundred and fifty per cent.; but his has gone up from two thousand pounds to two thousand five hundred pounds—a rise of only twenty-five per cent. The window man and alphabet keeper, John Green, got sixty pounds a year. What his duties were we do not know. It is not generally known that the term Postmaster-General was instituted about this time owing to the many highway robberies of mails, and so they had to be protected by troops under the command of the Postmaster-General.

On page 1, which begins a kind of Parliamentary guide, we are told that the "Speaker" of the House of Peers was the Right Hon. Sir Robert Hooley, Kt., Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of Great Britain. Incidentally it may be noted that the list of Members of the House of Commons points to the good old time before Lord Grey brought in his Reform Bill and when the county families represented the county constituencies. Thus we have an Egerton for Cheshire and a Grosvenor of Eaton Hall for Chester; a Molesworth of Pencarrow and a James Buller for Cornwall; a Lowther for Westmorland; a Howard for Carlisle. Many people will find the directions for the care of health one of the most interesting features of the book. They occur as a regular part of the calendar.



being part of the delightful and useful verities with which the book is adorned. Thus in January the appropriate advice is "Let not Blood and use no Physick, unless there be a Necessity: Eat often and avoid too much sleep." In February, very much the same directions are given, although instead of the caution about sleep the reader is warned to be careful of catching cold. In March is the time we are told sententiously to "purge and let Blood: Eat no gross Meats." The next month is "a good Time to bleed and take Physick"; but the further advice is given to abstain from much wine or other strong liquors, because "they will cause a Ferment in your Blood, and ruin your Constitution." In May "The Blood and Humours being now in Motion, we must be careful to avoid eating Salt, strong or stale Meats; fat People must avoid Excess of Liquors of any Kind." In June the use of green salads is strongly recommended. In July the chief pieces of advice are to use cold herbs and abstain from physic. In August the reader is warned not to sleep soon after meat "for that brings Opilations, Headachs, Agues, and Cathars, and other Distempers of the same Kind." For September there are no medical directions. In October there is only a warning against catching cold. In November an exhortation to take good exercise and wear warm clothes is given, "But if any Distemper afflict you, finish your Physick this Month, and so rest 'till March." In December

Old Parr's Maxims of Health are quoted: "Keep your Feet warm by Exercise, your Head cool through Temperance, never eat till you are a hungry, or drink but when Nature requires it."

Very interesting is the list of fixed fairs, institutions which have shown a great tendency to die out recently. The list extends over many pages and embraces fairs in every part of the country.

The present writer remembers an occasion many years ago when a copy of this book, of about the same year, was dug out of a foundation wall in a Wiltshire farmhouse. It had apparently been placed on a stone and forgotten. Moreover, it had been several years old at the time it was buried, because in it were bills and notes dated four or five years after the issue, and giving the most interesting particulars of farm-life as it was a hundred and fifty years ago. They told of the rent collected, of the prices—exceedingly small—paid for labour and, what is more amusing, of the bets that were made on market day. For example, the owner of the book had won three sovereigns because he backed himself to put the same number of coins into a full glass without making it run over. This was at the ordinary on market day, and up to a very short time ago the simple farmers of the district were accustomed to amuse themselves with the same trick and others of a kindred nature.



Mrs G. A. Barton.

ST. CATHERINE.

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## A NOVICE IN SWITZERLAND.



E. Gyger.

APPROACHING THE SUMMIT.

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**T**HROUGH a grey sodden France our train bumped, lurched and rattled us towards the Oberland of our desires, an Oberland that seemed hopelessly severed from the flat landscape, veined with fenceless roads, leading apparently to nowhere and fringed with leafless poplars whose bareness seemed accentuated by an occasional blur of mistletoe. As the darkness fell it seemed impossible to believe that our eyes, closing on those unspeakable

stretches of grey, could open on a snow-clad earth and a clear sky. But they did. I can see now the first gleams filtering through the train windows—ours was open, in defiance of Continental principles of hygiene, coal-dust and the feelings of our fellow-travellers—and hardly had we realised that the blue blackness had become grey than it was azure overhead, apricot behind the hills, whose highest peaks broke through drifts of white. Beneath them the little houses and farmsteads



E. Gyger.

A HALT FOR TIFFIN.

Copyright.



R. Gyger.

A SWIFT DESCENT.

Copyright.



E. Gyger.

HOW STICKS SHOULD NOT BE CARRIED

Copyright.

beside the railway seemed the veriest toys, the lights that shone behind the window-panes mere will-o'-the-wisps that must twinkle out before our eyes. One looked instinctively for painted Noah's Ark effigies in the doorways. But we soon found it a practical world enough in spite of appearances. As the little train—altogether a less desperately energetic locomotive than the one which we left at Spiez—ambled pleasantly through sunlit country stations to Frutigen, whence, as our instructions put it, "by sleigh to Adelboden," we were consumed by the apprehensions of the unaccustomed traveller that there would be no sleighs, or if any, that they

would be appropriated before our eyes by coarser souls having no scruples as to the propriety of shoving. But in Switzerland any such apprehensions are groundless. Not only is the Swiss the best hotel-keeper in the world, but he regards the tourist as his staple industry and cherishes him accordingly. Our sleigh was there awaiting us—a gaudily painted affair that again somehow suggested a toy, but piled hospitably with rugs and provided with hot-water bottles for our feet and a pair of indifferent-looking horses, their harness hung with innumerable bells that tinkled a perpetual carillon as they trotted. It is ten good miles from Frutigen to Adelboden. The road



E. Gyger.

IN THE VALLEY ABOVE ADELBODEN.

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is good and winds up through the exquisite valley of the Engstgen River, a mere slate black thread, breaking here and there into ruffles of foam as it turned and twisted through the white carpet of the vale, overshadowed by towering peaks. Even before the village came in sight the ring of steel on ice caught our ears, and the town rink sprinkled with skaters came in sight. The thrill of bygone days, on ponds which seem to have lost their power of freezing since our youth, gripped us. We, too, would glide and swoop and perform miracles of balance upon the outside edge under the exhilarating influences of brilliant sunshine and twenty-eight degrees of frost. Then a turn of the road brought us in view of a little timber village built in tiers on the hillside, and dominated by the Deutsche Kirche with its clock tower of stone—the only stone building

neatly-turned ankle and arched instep that have been our pride; one may shelter behind some stalwart back, legs tucked in on the runners; one may assume the attitude assigned to the serpent of old and glide, face downwards; but erect on two feet no self-respecting mortal goes down hill in Switzerland in winter, save the children skating home from school, over the ice-bound roads. The question was, should we ever venture personally to entrust ourselves body and soul to a fragile pair of runners, to find one's self at one moment on the verge of a declivity, and the next over the edge of the world? The *insouciance* of the Latin grips us in this queer little Teutonic world for the nonce over-run by the Anglo-Saxon and the Celt. There are no men, women and children in Switzerland. We are all schoolboys. We cry, "Achtung" as we round a

corner, not insistently nor urgently, but as a matter of form. We hope the others will get out of the way, but we cannot help anything, and we simply do not care, and we are conscious in a sudden grand outburst of good fellowship with all the earth that the others do not care either.

Then there are—the ski-ers. They, too, cry "Achtung!" and come slithering down the paths of civilisation on their way to the untrodden fields. Some of them, too, are novices, but their novitiate is immeasurably ahead of ours. They have solved the mysteries of toe and heel bindings; to them, swinging, stemming and jumping are no longer mere words. They are sensations. We watch them skimming into the valley below us, and climbing thence to Glibach, where the slopes furnish "good ground" to the tyro and the expert alike. Hahnenmoos beckons across the hills, too, where the "runners" call a halt on the way to Lenk and eat Schinken-Brod, with a relish Lucullus probably never in his life experienced. For us, Hahnenmoos is too far a cry; we should sink knee-deep in the feathery snow across which the runners glide so easily. But we have hills nearer home to scale, luges in tow, and at the crest we pause a moment before descending, to mark the wonderful beauty of the winter's day. The sky is clear and brightly blue, and we had not dreamed that whiteness was capable of so many shades and gradations. On a far slope the tint is mellow and warm, like the "butter and eggs" of cottage gardens. Nearer, a dash of cobalt in the white rebuffs with an accentuated chill; the loftier peaks are sparkling silver. A little lower, a broad band of sunlight lies across the valley, bringing out every tint of blue and brown. The rusty green pines for the nonce seem burnished as the light falls full on the wealth of light brown cones massed upon their branches. Blue smoke curls from a chalet chimney here and there, and the soft rich odours of milch cattle are wafted to our nostrils from a neighbouring byre. The world seems very far away; then from a higher slope we hear "Achtung!" shrilled, and a peasant

woman looms upon our horizon. Her portly form overflows the luge on either side and a baby of insignificant proportions is tucked on to the back of it. She is going to the village for bread. We meet her presently toiling up the icy slope again and dragging the luge behind her, with two vast loaves clutched in the baby's arms.

Our day is almost done. Already a waning moon is high in the sky, the blue of which seems lifeless behind the deepening ultramarine of the pine woods. A veil of mystic purple seems slowly unfolding itself above, and a mysterious breaking of light through a cloud we hardly see, steeps half our peaks in luminous grey, faintly pink perhaps, but grey in fact. It is still full daylight; nevertheless, at the foot of the hill—we gain it in a few minutes—it is dark. And the friendly lights of chalet and church greet us like old friends.

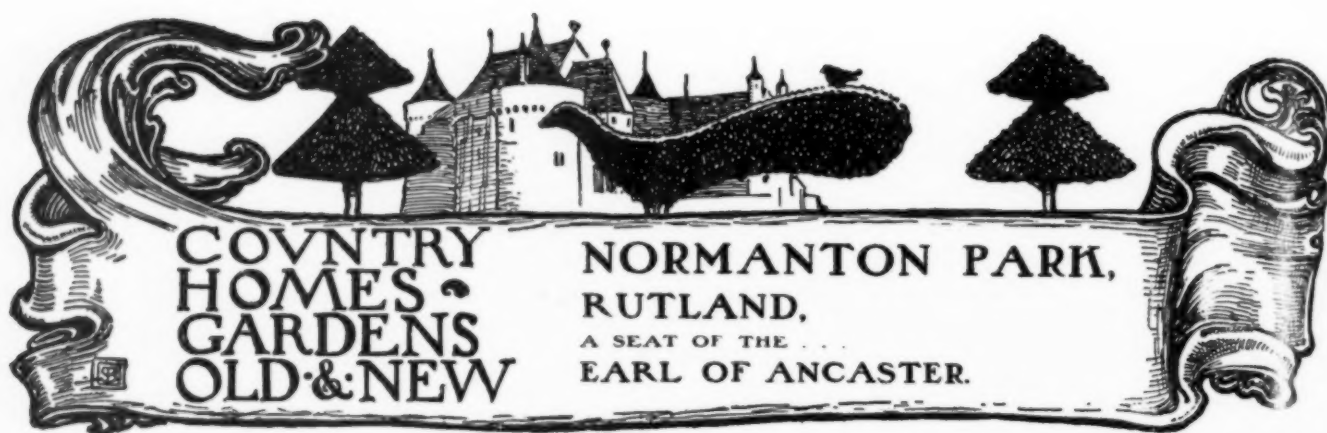


E. Gyger. AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE HAHNENMOOS PASS.

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in Adalboden, by the way. As the horses strained to their collars, for the road is steep, a sonorous shout greeted us, the cry which resounds with monotonous frequency in all winter sports centres so long as daylight lasts: "Achtung." It sounded in sonorous baritone and piping treble and in agitated soprano, as young men and maidens, small boys, grey beards and portly matrons fled past us down the frozen road, seated on luges in various attitudes of grace or otherwise, according to their degree of proficiency and practice or the natural balance of their nervous systems.

To the novice still enslaved by the "nerves" begotten of sedentary pursuits there was something distinctly disturbing about this total abandonment of man's normal position when going down hill. One may sit with spine poker-stiff, legs *en avant*, putteed and goutied out of all resemblance to the



THE property of Normanton has passed through various families. Soon after the Conquest the Normans were lords of Normanton until the days of Edward III., and from them it passed, by the marriage of Margaret, daughter and heiress of Thomas de Normanville, to William de Basings. Again it went with the hand of an heiress to another family, the Derbyshire Mackworths of Mackworth, in the reign of Henry VI. The Mackworth ownership was a long-continued one, for it was not until 1723 that Sir Thomas, losing, as was not unusual, more than he gained in winning a hotly-contested election, sold the manors of Empingham and Normanton, with other estates in Rutland, to Charles Tryon, who resold these, some six years later, to Gilbert Heathcote, the probable builder of the present house, a Lord Mayor of London, and one of those successful merchants of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries who were described as "a new sort of gentleman," and who settled down as landowners into the old sort.

During the reigns of Charles II. and the succeeding Sovereigns, there took place a great expansion of trade, and many younger sons of good families embarked in mercantile enterprises. Among the successful men there were very few, however, who rose to the eminence of both public life and private fortune to which Heathcote's abilities carried him. Gilbert Heathcote, the eldest son of an alderman of Chesterfield, was born in that town on January 2nd, 1651-52. In a letter written by him, apparently in the year 1707, he says that when he was about fifteen years of age he was put apprentice to a merchant, and when about nineteen was sent beyond sea, where he spent several years, and then returned to settle himself in London. There was therefore no chance of the University education with which the "Dictionary of National Biography" (confusing him with another Gilbert Heathcote, son of Michael Heathcote of Buxton) credits him. In London he soon began to make his mark; his name appears in successful extensive mercantile transactions in concert with his younger brothers (all Merchant



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THE HALL.

COUNTRY LIFE



Adventurers) in the City and abroad, and he was early chosen to fill various positions of trust and honour. He was a member of the Vintners' Company, and carried on a large business as a Spanish wine merchant, having very large transactions with Jamaica; indeed, he found the remittances for the Government wherewith to pay the troops in that island. But it was

detention was illegal, and drew the inference that the monopoly was illegal too. As soon as Parliament met:

Petitions on both sides were laid on the table of the Commons; and it was resolved that these petitions should be taken into consideration by a committee of the whole House. . . . The Committee proceeded to inquire by what authority the Redbridge had been stopped. One of her owners, *Gilbert Heathcote*,



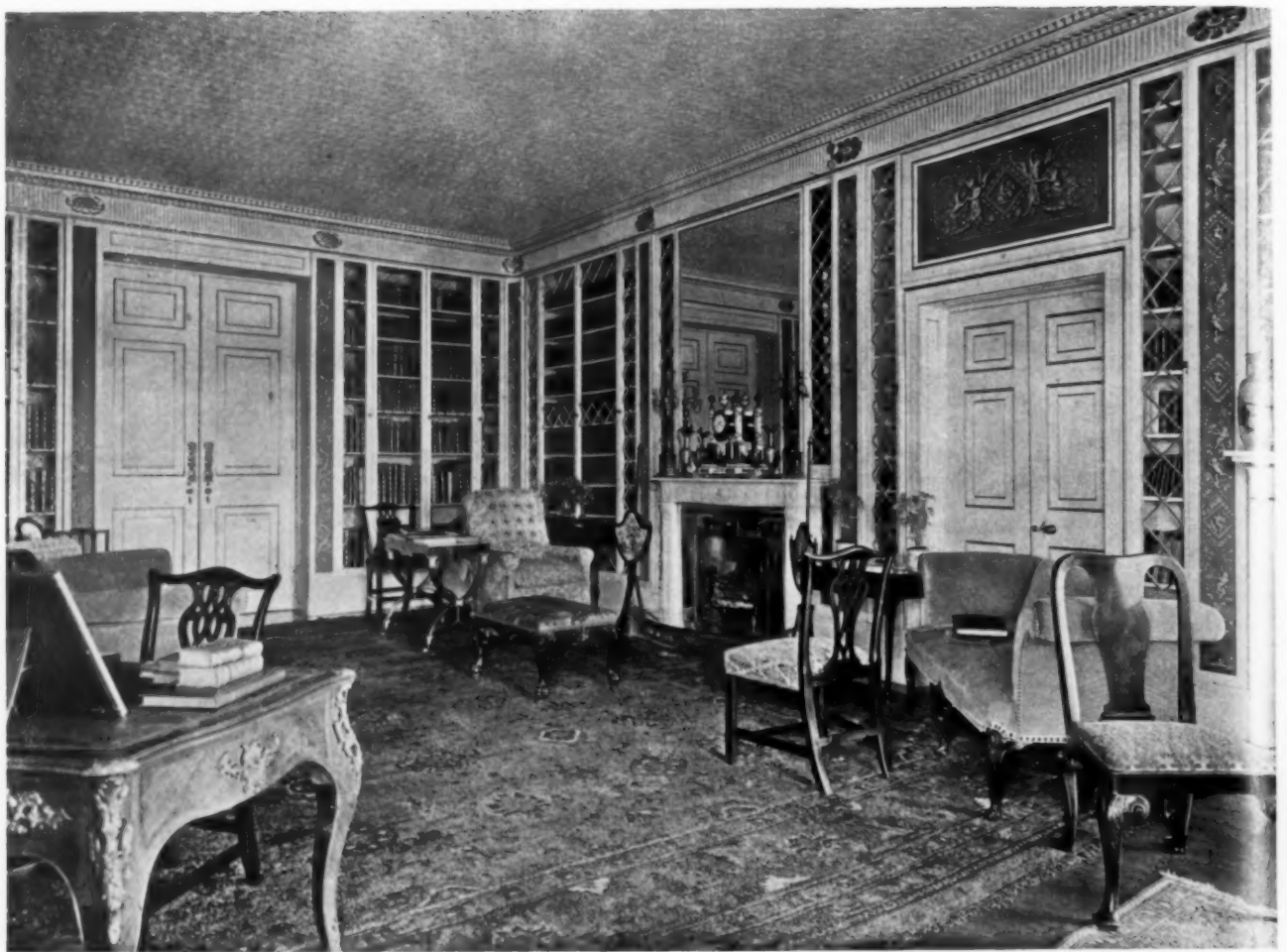
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THE STATE BEDROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

as prime mover in an enterprise which destroyed the trading monopoly of the East India Company that Heathcote's most notable public work came about, as follows: In 1693 a ship named the Redbridge, of which he was part owner, was detained in London by order of the East India Company on suspicion of intending to infringe the monopoly granted by the Crown of trading to the East. The public was convinced that the

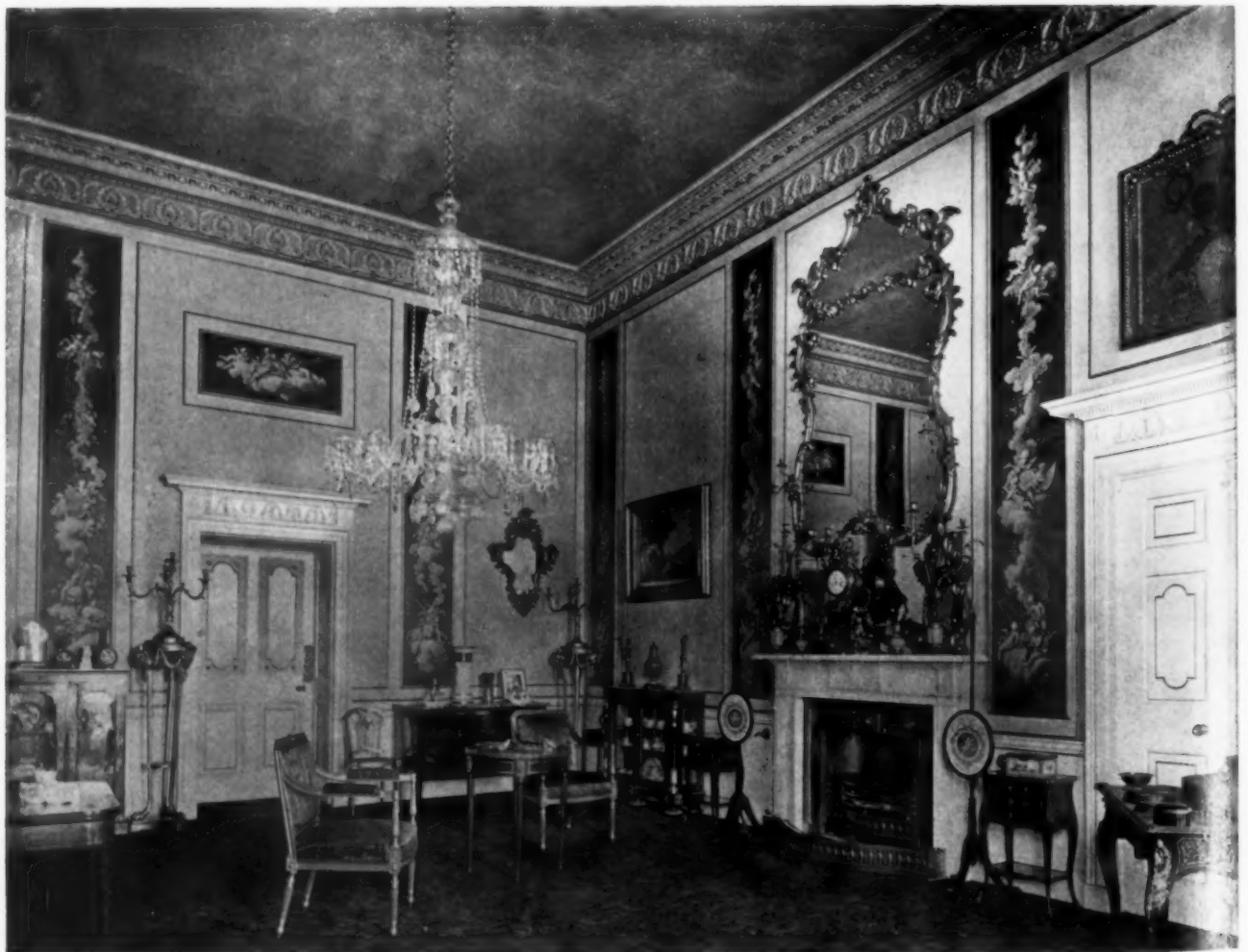
a rich merchant and a staunch Whig, appeared at the bar as a witness. He was asked whether he would venture to deny that the ship had really been fitted out for the Indian trade. "It is no sin that I know of," he answered, "to trade with India; and I shall trade with India till I am restrained by act of Parliament." Papillon [the chairman] reported that in the opinion of the Committee the detention of the Redbridge was illegal. The question was then put, that the House would agree with the Committee. The friends of the old Company ventured



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"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE BACK DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



on a second division, and were defeated by 171 votes to 125. [Commons journals, Jan. 6, 8, 169<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>.]

The blow was quickly followed up. A few days later it was moved that all subjects of England had equal right to trade to the East Indies unless prohibited by act of Parliament, and the supporters of the old Company, sensible that they were in a minority, suffered the motion to pass without a division. [Commons journals, Jan. 19, 169<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>.]

This memorable vote settled the most important of the constitutional questions which had been left unsettled by the Bill of Rights. It has ever since been held to be the sound doctrine that no power but that of the whole legislature

1701 he was chosen one of the Members for the City of London, for which he sat in four successive Parliaments, and in 1702 he was knighted by Queen Anne on the occasion of her visit to the City. Sir Gilbert was Sheriff in 1703, and Lord Mayor in 1711. It is said that he was the last of the Lord Mayors who rode on horseback in the procession on Lord Mayor's Day, and that on account of his unpopularity with the lower orders the procession to Westminster was curtailed. "In the following year a coach was first provided for the Lord Mayor; but



A COMPLETELY UPHOLSTERED STATE BED.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

can give to any person or to any society an exclusive privilege of trading to any part of the world.

Heathcote was one of the founders of the Bank of England, of which he became the Governor in 1709, and he was also Governor of the Eastland Company and president of St. Thomas Hospital, where his portrait still hangs. When Peter the Great was entertained by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, Heathcote was able to speak in Dutch on the subject of the tobacco trade with Russia. Opposition on the part of the priests of the Greek Church was expected by the Czar and the merchants, but the Czar declared that he "would do well enough with them when he went home." In

whether this innovation was due to the disorderly scenes of the preceding autumn, or whether there is any truth in the story that it was introduced owing to the fact of one of Sir Gilbert's immediate predecessors having lost his equilibrium, and being prostrated in the mud, is a moot point."

In 1715 the London mob is said to have designed the murder of Heathcote with other magistrates and the burning of their houses. That same year Sir Gilbert sat in Parliament for Helston, in the next Parliament for Lymington, and in 1727 for St. Germans in Cornwall. This last seat he retained until his death on January 25th, 1732-33, a few days after he had been raised to the rank of a baronet. He is buried at Normanton,

where there is a monument to him by Rysbrach. Sir Gilbert was certainly a remarkable man, if only for his passage through so long and active a life without a lawsuit, as is recorded on his monument. Sarah Duchess of Marlborough singled him out as one of the only three Whigs who did not "treat her in an infamous manner." "Sir Gilbert," she writes, "was always the same to me as when I was a favourite, wrote to me when I was in exile, and Sir Nathaniel Gould and he continued my friends till their death. And after the Duke of Marlborough was dead, which was very polite in men of business, they hired a coach and came to visit me when I was in affliction. This was after the Hanover family were in England, when both Whigs and Tories railed at me."

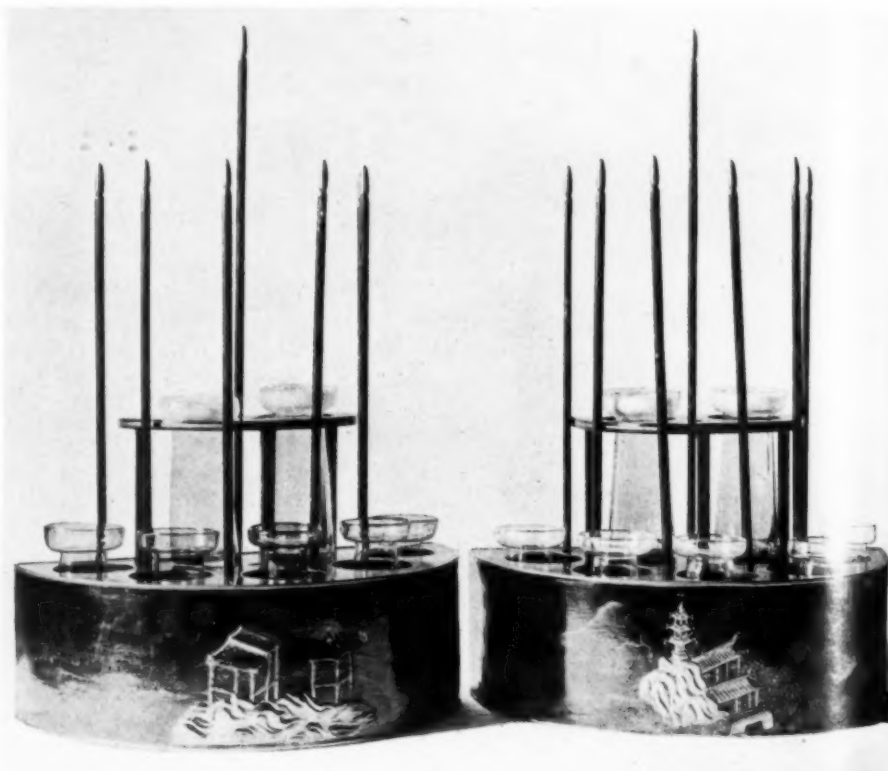
It is believed among his descendants that the description in the

a Mr. Thomas Wale about the year 1785. He had told his eldest son John, while a young man, that he must not marry a girl with less than ten thousand pounds; but finding afterwards that his son was in love with a daughter of one of his



URN IN DINING-ROOM.

jesting, which would make no great Figure were he not a rich man, he calls the Sea the British Common. He abounds in several frugal Maxims, among which the greatest favourite is 'a Penny saved is a Penny got.' A general Trader of good sense is pleasanter Company than a general Scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural unaffected Eloquence, the Perspicuity of his Discourse gives the same Pleasure that Wit would in another Man. He has made his Fortunes himself and says that England may be richer than other Kingdoms by as plain Methods as he himself is richer than other Men, though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a Point in the Compass but blows home a Ship in which he is an Owner." In spite of his frugality he could be open-handed and generous enough on occasion, as is shown by an anecdote related of him by



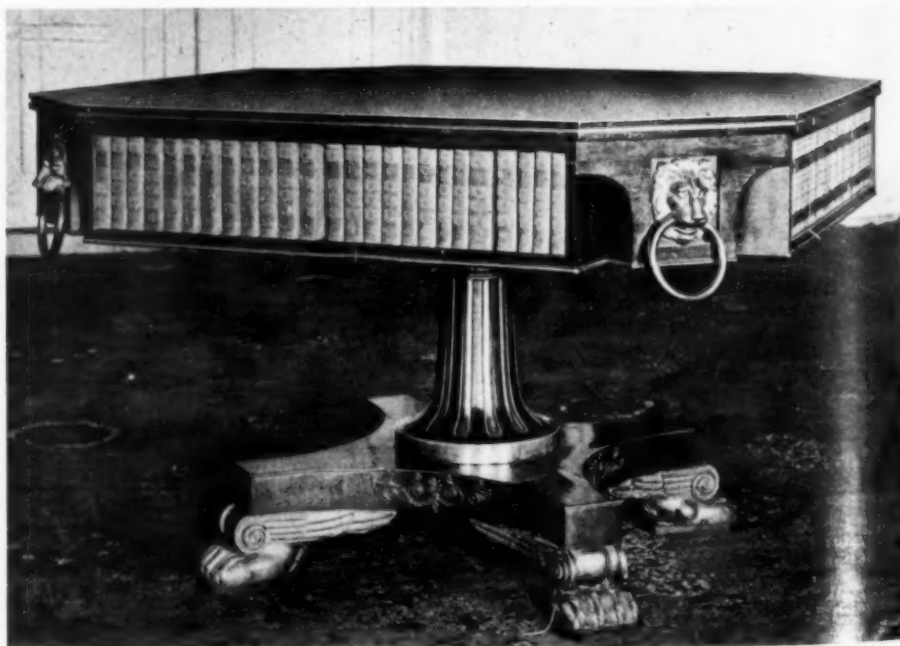
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BULB-GROWING TRAYS IN ENGLISH LACQUER.

"C.L."

*Spectator* of Sir Andrew Freeport was intended for Sir Gilbert: "A person of indefatigable Industry, strong Reason and great Experience"; with "some sly way of

old friends, Major White, who could not give her more than one thousand five hundred pounds, in order to keep word with his son he made a present of eight thousand five hundred pounds to the Major's daughter. A final touch, conveyed in Denton's "Life and Errors," published in 1705, that he is "very much a gentleman" completes the pleasant picture of this "new sort of gentleman" who dying left behind him a fortune of seven hundred thousand pounds, and the reputation of being the richest commoner in England. By his marriage



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A TABLE BOOKCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

with Hester, daughter and heiress of Christopher Roper, a merchant of London, he had three sons and four daughters. His son, Sir John, a director of the East India Company and Trustee of the British Museum, who died in 1759.



was patron of the forgotten poet Dyer, who wrote heavily of:

The coloured lawns  
And sunny mounts of beauteous  
Normanton,  
Heaths' cheerful haunt, and the  
selected walk  
Of Heathcote's leisure.

His son Gilbert married first Lady Margaret Yorke, youngest daughter of the Earl of Hardwicke, the Lord Chancellor; and secondly Elizabeth, daughter of Robert Hudson of Teddington. He was succeeded in 1785 by his son, another Gilbert, whose wife, the celebrated beauty Lady Sophia, daughter of John Manners of Grantham Grange by Louisa Tollemache, Countess of Dysart, was painted by Hoppner in 1802 as Hebe, a delightful picture well known by engravings. This portrait recalls that of Lady J. in the same character. James Ward, the engraver, induced Hoppner to alter it to accord with the engraving—"a singular and quite unique concession." The fifth baronet, a well-known Whig politician who was created Baron Aveland of Aveland in 1856, married Clementina, eldest daughter of the twenty-first Baron Willoughby de Eresby, in whose favour the abeyance of the barony was terminated in 1871, and she assumed the principal surname of Willoughby, having already taken that of Drummond after the death of her brother, the twenty-second baron. On Lady Willoughby's death in 1888 her son Gilbert Heathcote-Drummond-Willoughby, second Lord Aveland, became twenty-fourth Baron Willoughby de Eresby and Joint Hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain of England; he was created Earl of Ancaster in 1892, and was succeeded in all his honours in 1910 by his son, the present Earl of Ancaster, and owner of Normanton.

The manor house built by the Mackworths in the reign of Charles I.—too old and inconvenient for the richest commoner—



GROUND FLOOR PLAN.

appears in Wright's "Rutland" (1684) as a small plain house with ogee gables. The new house, of which the stone alone is said to have cost £10,000, is on a scale with the founder's immense fortune. It consists in the main of a central block, with wings connected by segmental corridors, but there are minor adjuncts, almost concealed by the principal buildings. At first sight the house appears to belong to the end of the eighteenth century; but a closer inspection shows that it is in reality of a date corresponding with the incoming of the Heathcotes; that is, about 1730 to 1740. The later appearance is imparted by the treatment of the central block, which must have been altered towards the close of the eighteenth century, probably on the occasion of the marriage of Sir Gilbert Heathcote with Lady Sophia Tollemache. The difference between the bold masculine detail of the two outlying wings and the severity of the central block with its refined ornament becomes apparent on inspection. On the east or entrance front the original arrangement is fairly obvious, but on the west the recasting of the house itself has been supplemented by the addition of screens or narrow wings, which mask the low buildings behind them. So predominant is the later work that the whole house is generally considered to be of the Adam period,



A BEDROOM AT NORMANTON.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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THE EAST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

and it is only a careful scrutiny which reveals the fact that it owes its mass and outline to an earlier hand.

The main building exhibits the exquisite sense of proportion which marks the best work of the period. Ornament is sparingly used, but what there is is of extreme refinement. The contrast between the square wings of the west front and the semi-circular bay is charming, and the whole effect is a source of delight to all who appreciate the delicate handling of architecture.

The interior decorations, put up when the house was first built, have given place almost everywhere to the "elegance" of the latter years of the century; but several ceilings, as well as the chimney-pieces in the state bedroom and in the Chinese room or dressing-room, are original. The former is of white marble, continued with a white and gilt over-mantel enclosing a flower-picture. The marble portion is of a type illustrated in *COUNTRY LIFE* in Cefn Mably and Wolterton, and occurring at Holkham, in which tasselled drapery, depending from a mask, is inserted into the structure, to reappear at another point, a design not uncommon among the eighteenth century admirers of Inigo Jones. The chimney-piece in the Chinese or dressing-room, which is of carved pine, has the scroll-shaped consoles surmounted with children's heads that are found in the white

drawing-room at Houghton and also at Chiswick, where William Kent was responsible for the decoration. There is no definite tradition that Kent had anything to say in the building or decoration of Normanton, but the occurrence of two types of chimney-pieces used by him elsewhere renders it not improbable. At the same time that the eighteenth century purveyors of chimney-pieces doubtless repeated many of the architect's designs, it is quite likely that the first Sir Gilbert or his son, with their great wealth, would have employed the fashionable man of the day to guide the building, so that there is nothing against Kent himself or his pupil Ripley having been the original designer of Normanton. The plan, the coved ceilings, the above-mentioned chimney-pieces and a considerable part of the exterior are certainly in their manner, and of a period before the decoration in Robert Adam's style was applied by the fourth Sir Gilbert.

The interior decorations were renewed in 1881, in the same manner as they existed in 1813, when Britton, in his "Beauties of England," described the rooms as "a rich scene of modern elegance throughout." Modern certainly in 1813 was the terracotta chimney-piece in the hall, and the library, with its latticed bookcases divided by narrow *grisaille* panels, where goddesses, fauns and animals disport themselves among scrollwork.



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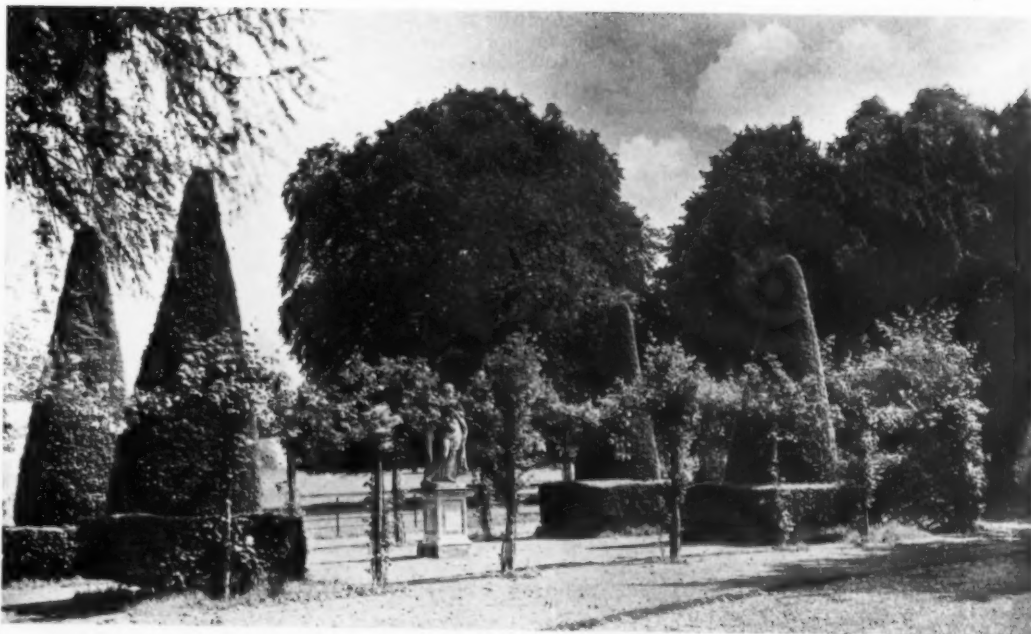
FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE"



There is nothing of severity in this altogether charming room, which surprised Britton with its gaiety of chintzes and sofas. Louis XIV., finding the proposed decorations of a room too severe, suggested to the architect to substitute *jeux d'enfants*. Here, at Normanton, instead of the familiar busts of Roman emperors and men of letters, we have these light-hearted, graceful designs. The back drawing-room had, in 1813, "spotted Chinese" paper, which has disappeared, and panels on which are "laughing and sporting cupids in chiaroscuro," which may still be seen. These are of crimson satin painted in grey, the family racing colours, and were put up by Lady Sophia Heathcote. The decoration of these two rooms on the ground and first floors, lighted by the semi-circular bay, dates after 1793, when Sir Gilbert Heathcote married Lady Sophia Tollemache. The gardens, Britton says, are modern and not extensive—that is, of Lady Sophia's day. Repton, the landscape gardener, visited the place in 1796, and the following year, as was his habit, sent one of his "Red books," an elaborate little bound book, showing what he purposed to do in the way of improvements; he gives some dozen water-colour views of the place as it was when he saw it, and, by means of a slip that lifts up, his suggested improvements are shown underneath. Some of these improvements were carried out more especially in the contiguous landscape than in the gardens proper, as the front entrance drive is after his design, and also, more or less, is the lake below the house on the opposite side.

The state bedroom—a fine room, hung with decorative tapestry where parrots perch upon fantastic scrollwork that supports a vase of flowers—contains that most elaborate piece of furniture, a completely upholstered state bed. The vast and sumptuous beds, in which all the woodwork is hidden beneath glued-on damask, were, it would seem, introduced into England by Daniel Marot in the reign of William III., and continued



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TOPIARY WORK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE SUNDIAL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



to be made, with very little variation, during the early eighteenth century. On the cornice of the tester are applied upholstered and braided leaves; the valance is scalloped, *galonné*, and edged with a very rich fringe. The basses are also *galonné* and fringed. The head-board is simpler than many contemporary examples; the top ornament of ostrich plumes, starting from the centre of a broken pediment, is, as is usual, of carved wood upon which damask is glued, but the loopings and knots above it are of damask alone. The state bed is the chief piece of furniture

filled with racks, and lined with lead and containing a heater. The urns were, as Heppelwhite writes, used for "holding water for the use of the Butler, or iced water for drinking which is enclosed in an inner partition, the ice surrounding it," or were made with a top to rise on a central shaft with the lower part arranged to contain knives. The illustrated urn is of this latter variety. It is vase-shaped, with a cover, while the portion immediately above the foot is fluted. It is encircled by a band of ormolu guilloche, and on each side are finely modelled satyrs'

heads, whose long curved horns form the handles, like the goats'-horn handles of ormolu on the inlaid urn in the possession of Sir W. H. Lever, illustrated in *COUNTRY LIFE*, July 8th, 1911. Adam is said to have employed Italian and French metal-workers for his ormolu mountings, and there is a distinctly foreign element in the quality of the mountings of some of the furniture at Harewood, where the satyr's head is freely used, that confirms this tradition. But this fine brass work was limited to the furniture designed by Adam, and Sheraton writes regretfully of the inferiority of English ormolu to the French.

The tripods in the hall used to support lights or vases were also favourite pieces with Robert Adam, and lent themselves in structure to his *remaniement* of Roman models. Here, the top is circular, and enriched with a band of guilloche; from the rams' heads depend swags of husks, which are carried up again to the top. A guilloche is carried down the incurved legs until they finish in hoof feet on a triangular plinth. In the library table, the passage from the Adam to the Empire style has been effected in all its completeness. Solidity has replaced the elegance of the last years of the eighteenth century, but the magnificent workmanship still survives. The forms of such furniture are cubic and rectangular, without projections or projecting ornament; mahogany or black rosewood were relieved by the most restrained ornament, in brass inlay. Chairs and sofas (it is written in 1807) "still continue from drawings after the antique," and the presiding influence is the antique as it appeared to contemporary France. The Pedestal table is a very characteristic example of this style. The top is square, with chamfered corners, ornamented with a ringed lion's mouth; its depth is sufficient to accommodate a shelf of books on four sides; the fluted pillar spreads until it reaches the heavy plinth that rests upon carved and gilt lions' paws, issuing, oddly enough, from a winged whorl. The only ornament is the honeysuckle on the plinth and the fine gadroon edging characteristic of the severe yet interesting period when Thomas Hope was persuaded he had introduced the pure taste of the antique. Very interesting and unusual are the two semi-circular trays with gilt topped rods for growing bulbs; the trays are ornamented with English lacquer in high relief. That bulbs were grown in glasses

when Normanton was furnished appears in "A Flower Garden for Ladies and Gentlemen," by Sir Thomas Moore. We are told how the author "bought some dozens of Flint Tumbler-Glasses of the Germans who Cut them prettily and sell them Cheap." In these glasses he grew bulbs early in the eighteenth century.

Such are a few of the interesting pieces of furniture at Normanton, where the informed taste of Sir Gilbert's descendants has changed nothing materially since Lady Sophia's day.

A. L.



LADY SOPHIA HEATHCOTE AS HEBE, BY HOPPNER.

at Normanton that dates back to the first Sir Gilbert; the greater part of the furniture dates from the end of the eighteenth century. In the styles of Chippendale and Sheraton there is much good work, but the succeeding illustrations show the furniture which corresponds with the late decoration of Normanton, which may be described as the transition between Adam and the Empire manner. The urn and pedestal are much in the Adam style, and formed part of a sideboard. Pedestals were cupboards, one of which was reserved for the heating of plates, the left-hand pedestal being frequently

## ACCIDENTS TO HUNTERS.



A DIAGNOSIS.

OWING to the nature of his work, the hunter of all horses is the most subject to accident, and few stables, especially in a season of heavy going like the present, are without their proportion of cripples at some time or other. The liability to minor accidents varies much in different individuals without any obvious outward reason. While one horse seems always to be "in the wars," as the old saying goes, another in the next box will appear almost incapable of injury. Young horses are generally more easily harmed than older ones, and, in fact, the immunity of some of the latter is astonishing. No doubt their escape largely comes from their experience, and having

learned to "use themselves," as well as the superior hardening of muscle and tissue from age and condition. Unfortunately, so many horses, by the time they have reached this stage, have also come under the unfortunate designation of "screws," or horses that will not "pass the vet." There are many such horses whose defect does not in any way prevent their usefulness, and fortunate is the sportsman who is possessed of one or two such seasoned good ones, as they will probably be the means of showing him a greater amount of sport than twice the number of much more gaudy "flat-catchers."

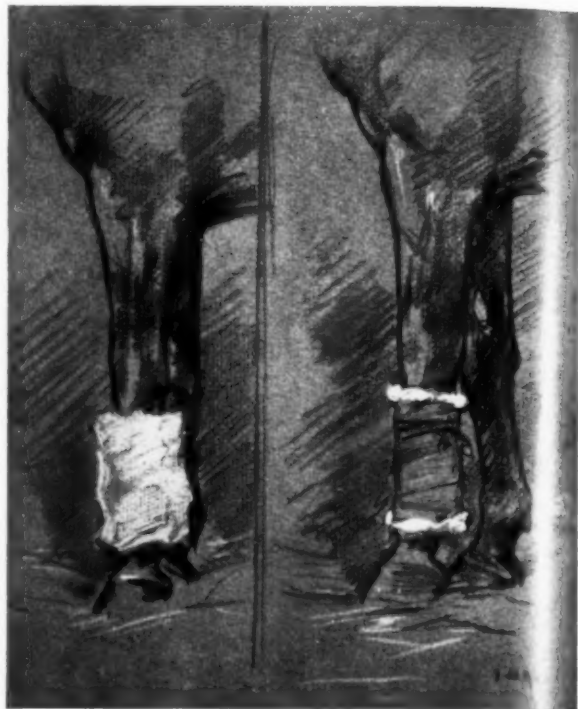
When a horse falls lame, it is not always easy to diagnose the extent of the injury without experience of the individual,



TEN MILES FROM ANYWHERE.

and I am sure that horses vary as much as their masters in the way they take things, and one horse, like a human being, will make a great fuss over what another would hardly take notice of. Be this as it may, however, a lame horse is a lame horse, and it behoves the rider of such to at once get off and find out, if possible, the cause. This in the field is not always easy, though experience soon teaches, and a pretty good idea may often be got from the way in which the patient moves or even stands still; and if one does not personally possess the knowledge, there is generally to be found someone of experience at hand whose advice is worth having. In most cases of lameness it is best, and certainly most satisfactory, to get the horse home to his own stable, and this return should be begun without a long pause if possible, as even a very lame horse that is kept moving could walk home, hopping a good deal maybe, but would most probably, if put in a stable for even a few minutes, be found when cooled down to be incapable of travelling at all. It is poor fun walking home many miles leading a lame horse, with one's boots cutting at the heels more and more as the miles go on; but one should reflect that the horse has probably often brought us home long after he felt he had had enough, and that we are only paying back a little of the debt we owe him.

Some grooms, though as unscientific a class as could be found, are very clever in treating lame horses; but many are quite otherwise, and unless an owner is quite sure of the superiority of his groom's knowledge over his own, he would do well to supervise the treatment of the hunter which he has brought home lame. His own superior education, even when lacking experience, opens up many sources of learning which are practically closed to his servant, and a considerable smattering of knowledge may be acquired by the aid of some of the numerous handbooks available. Many grooms I have known, though excellent servants in their way, are the worst people possible at telling *when* a horse is lame, or in fact telling, unless in most pronounced cases, if he is lame at all. "Lame in the shoulder" is the refuge of the destitute and a favourite solution of the mystery of many a puzzled groom; but it is worth the owner's



PRESSURE BANDAGE.

*Cotton wadding.**The bandage applied.*

while to use any judgment he possesses before accepting such a verdict. Hunters doubtless sometimes injure their shoulders, but of no place is it more impossible to speak with confidence,

unless the nature of the accident points to this. The lamest horse I have ever had was so from a bruised shoulder, got in a fall; but then the nature of the fall pointed absolutely to the kind of injury, and excepting that the horse's immediate helplessness led at first to the idea that the shoulder was broken instead of bruised, no mistake was possible.

To treat of cures in detail does not come within the scope of these notes, but, speaking generally, a good axiom, in my belief, is, when possible, to treat what one may call mechanical injuries by mechanical (as opposed to chemical) means, such as, in the most common of accidents, strains, breakdown of ligaments, etc., to use pressure by means of large quantities of cotton-wool compressed by tight bandages, followed by massage.

In all cases of structural damage or even bruises the evenly distributed pressure will be found to have a marvellous effect towards repairing the damage. Of course, all this is well known to the veterinary surgeon, and is explained and advocated by such authorities as the late Captain Hayes; but in spite of this, it is not so generally used as might be, and being just such treatment that the amateur can, himself, apply—and it should be applied as soon as possible—I have thought it worth while to have illustrated by way of explanation.

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," but, as someone has said, it is "better than a great lot of ignorance," and the acquisition of a smattering of veterinary science is certainly to



THE ACCIDENT.



be desired of a sportsman; and if the theory learned only goes so far as being able to render "first aid," it is better than nothing. And simple, immediate treatment will often vastly decrease the animal's discomfort. G.

## WHY FOXES MAKE LONG POINTS.

THERE was a question asked in a recent number of COUNTRY LIFE as to why foxes make longer points now than formerly.

I think that, at any rate during the last two seasons, it is the fact that longer points have been made, and I think, too, that the reason suggested—that in these wet winters so many drains and other refuges are flooded out—partly accounts for the prolonged hunts. Heavy rain is an excellent earth-stopper's assistant. But there are probably other reasons, because I noted the same fact of long points last season in comparatively dry weather, and on comparing notes with masters, huntsmen and hunting-men, most of them agreed that foxes were running remarkably well. The first, and perhaps the chief cause, however, of long points is the scent. In wet weather there are a larger proportion of good scenting days. When scent lies well hounds are less likely to change foxes than in dry seasons. There is not the same difference in the sweetness (to the hounds' noses) in the line of the fresh fox and that of the hunted one as there is when the dry ground makes the scent catchy and uncertain. The hounds can, when the ground is full of moisture, hold to the line without losing it, and the chain of the chase is unbroken. The effect of this is that the pressure of pursuit is continuous, and the fox has no time (or thinks he has not) to turn aside to look for an earth or drain. A fox takes advantage of the slightest hesitation on the part of the hounds, and often turns aside or waits and takes thought when the clamour behind him wanes or ceases. But if hounds drive on with a steady, unbroken cry, the fox keeps going on until at length he is fairly driven out of his own country, which is generally, in the case of a good fox, a radius of about five miles from his accustomed daily resting-place. After that distance he is lost. Going so near the ground, his range of vision is confined, and he does not see a covert or an open earth, which, of course, is perfectly visible to a man on horseback. So he goes on more or less blindly until he is beaten, when he begins to turn short, to creep down hedgerows, and is either killed or slips into some rabbit-hole or earth or drain upon which he blunders in his desperate need. A fox hard pressed while still fresh will run over an open earth. I saw one do this this season. The hounds were close, and he did not dare to turn aside. In this case the fox fetched a compass about the earth, and when he turned down wind scent was not so good, the pressure relaxed and he came back to the earth, having gained a start and slipped in in full view of the Master and myself. But

it may easily be imagined how, if the hounds were still hard upon his tracks and he was unable to turn, he might go right on, running for his life and scarcely able to turn to the right hand or to the left. There is yet another cause for the making of long points. I have noticed that the improvement is most marked in this respect in those countries where the huntsman is keen and skilful. The bad foxes in such countries are killed off. There is no surer sign of an inferior huntsman than to leave the hunted fox when he begins to dodge about and seek to find a fresh one. This tends to short runs, for it makes hounds always ready to change, and leaves the twisting foxes alive to baffle hounds and to transmit their cunning and their cowardice.

But apart from these reasons, I think the race of English foxes is improving. There was a time when they seemed to have degenerated. Perhaps they really had done so. Mange and foreign foxes were the two causes. Mange has to a great extent been stamped out, and far fewer foreign foxes are imported than used to be the case. The returns of the Board of Agriculture, quoted by Mr. Runciman, show that the trade in French and Belgian foxes has almost ceased. Scotch, Irish and Welsh hill foxes do good rather than harm, and I could bring forward instances of hunts in which a judicious importation of hill foxes (from unhunted countries be it noted) has permanently improved the stamina and staying power of local foxes and has been a direct cause of long points being achieved in many hunts. And, of course, when I refer to long points, I also mean those made before the end of January, after which a travelling fox from another country may give an historic hunt. Yet, unless the foxes are strong, wild and mature, the travelling fox will not make points; on the contrary, he may succumb to hounds in a short burst of from ten to twenty minutes' duration.

Thus long points depend, first, on scent, without which all foxes are bad, while with it most are good that would otherwise be condemned; secondly, on the skill of the huntsman; and, thirdly, on the drive of the hounds. And here I may be permitted to say that I think the extraordinary drive of the modern fashionably-bred hound, the keenness of Belvoir, the resolution of Milton, the patience of Brocklesby, the close hunting of those Grafton lines which go back to the Bentinck sort and the sweeping casts of Mr. Wroughton's Pytchley sort have much to do with long points, as tending to force foxes over the earths, past the drains and into an unknown country; and last, but not least, there is the fact that wild, matured foxes are not only permitted to live, but preserved by being let alone and left to the training of Nature. The fox is a wild animal, and he grows wilder as he grows older and recognises that he must use his strength and cunning in order to save his brush and, what is to him more insistent, exercise care to gain his livelihood. The best modern foxes are the result of the struggle for existence, with the experience of being hunted added thereto. X.

## LITERATURE.

### A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

NOT for a long time has the public had anything from Mr. Howard Pease, and we may be sure that a hearty welcome will be extended to his new book. The subject is a very congenial one, and writing the book must have been a very appropriate occupation for the Master of Otterburn Tower. For Mr. Pease, as is well known, spends a well-earned leisure in the very heart of the Border Country, with which this work is concerned. Its full title is *The Lord Wardens of the Marches of England and Scotland, Being a brief History of the Marches, the Laws of March and the Marchmen together with some account of the Ancient Feud between England and Scotland* (Constable). Of course, Mr. Pease is not the first who has entered this field. Dr. Hodgkin's "Warden of the Northern Marches" is almost identical in title with this, and, to go back no further, a library of books about the Borders and the Border clans has been written since the day when Sir Walter Scott rekindled the romantic fire. It is as a disciple of Scott that Mr. Howard Pease comes to this task; that is to say, as one seeking for romance. He compares the eternal feud between Scotch and English to that between Greek and Trojan as Homer sung it. He will have it that the Border history is more barbarous, but the true Borderer will not willingly admit that. The story of the Greeks probably owes its apparently greater refinement to Homer, and it is no absurd claim that there is, in the ballads made by nameless singers and handed down to us by nameless men, verse as noble as there is to be found even in the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey."

There is nothing more touching, even in Homer, than "The Border Widow's Lament" or "The Twa Corbies." It would not be difficult, indeed, to select from the Border ballads pieces as fine as any that are to be found in Homer. We think so much of them that it is difficult to understand how Mr. Pease allowed himself to truncate "The Border Widow's Lament" and present a fragment of it. To read stories that come incidentally into this volume is to recognise that the type of bravery which belonged to the North was unexcelled by any nation or any time. The story of "Barty of the Comb," as told by one of his descendants to the author, illustrates what we mean:

One morning as Barty came forth from his Pele tower he discovered that his sheep were missing. Forthwith he went up to the neighbouring Pele of his friend, Corbit Jock, to inform him of the loss.

"Ay," said Corbit Jock, "Scotland will ha' them dootless."

So without more words the two friends set off upon the "hot trod." They travelled on foot down the Blakehope burn into Redewater, and so over the Carter into Scotland.

Losing the track of the sheep they determined to right themselves by "lifting" the best Scots wethers they knew of, which were those at Leatham Farm, near Souden. There they selected the finest of the flock, and set off homewards, driving their booty before them. Whereupon the Scotsmen, becoming aware of this unexpected raid, sent two of their best swordsmen in pursuit. At Chattlehope Spout, Barty and Jock were overtaken, and a parley ensued. Barty generously offered to give up half of his flock, but "toomhanded" he would not return home. The Scotsmen, however, would not agree to this, and soon swords were swiftly flashing upon the moor. "Leave the better man to me," cried Barty, and two desperate duels were at once in full swing.

The Scots swordsman shortly ran Barty through the thigh, but the Englishman, with a sudden wrench of his body, succeeded in snapping the sword in two, when he was promptly attacked by the second Scot, who had already slain his friend Jock.

Then Barty, with a mighty back-handed sweep of his sword, caught the Scot in the neck, "garring his heid to spang along the heather like an inion," and then chased his fresh assailant and cut him down instantly. He then collected the swords, shouldered his dead friend, and drove off all the wethers in front of him, and stayed not till he had brought back Jock to his own door-cheek and the sheep to his fold.

Froissart's account of the Scotch leads us to expect very rugged and desperate valour. And in Gray's "Chorographia," first printed in 1649, there is an explanation which holds good for the period. He says:

The Scots, their neighbouring enemies, hath made the inhabitants of Northumberland fierce and hardy, whiles sometimes they kept themselves exercised in the warres: being a most warre-like nation, and excellent good light horsemen, wholly addicting themselves to wars and armes, not a gentleman amongst them, that hath not his castle or tower.

To look back, as Mr. Pease very properly says, is to fancy that life on the Borders at this time must have been an almost unbroken fight. But, still, from some of the ballads we can gather that peaceful avocations were also followed. Thus, the Battle of Chevy Chase took place "what time the moormen win their hay," and even the extent of the plunder points to the importance of the agricultural industry.

For example, in a claim made in June, 1582, it is stated that "Mathew Taylor and the poor widow of Martin Taylor complain upon old lard of Whithaugh, young lard of Withaugh, Sim's Thom, and Jock of Copshawe, for 140 kie & oxen, 100 sheep, 20 gate, and all their insight, 200l. sterling: and the slaughter of Martin Taylor, John Dodshon, John Skelloe, and Mathew Blackburne." The Lord Warden had a very free hand in regard to march treason, because he could himself define what the crime consisted of. He had power of life and death, but seems to have apprehended thieves and malefactors and sent them to the assizes for their "justification." It was difficult to obtain justice by proper legal method, a dictum that Mr. Pease illustrates by the following episode, which incidentally furnishes a capital illustration of Border manners in 1518. Lord Dacre arrested ten of the principal thieves of Redesdale, and, having put them in irons within the dungeon of Harbottle Castle, sent for the gaoler and bailiff of the shire to convey them to Morpeth. In order to prevent a rescue Lord Dacre summoned eighty of his Harbottle tenantry and took out his own household servants. In this manner he conveyed them safely to Rothbury gate, where they were handed over to the gaoler and his escort; but the prisoners' friends, presumably more of the thieves of Redewater, crossed the moors behind Simonside and, coming up to the convoy at a straight path in Rothbury Forest, killed the bailiff and six of the escort, took the gaoler and four of his men prisoners, and having released their ten kinsmen fled for refuge into Scotland.

Mr. Pease gives a detailed account of the procedure at the courts, of which the most interesting passage is that describing the manner in which judgment was passed upon prisoners—a much longer formula than would be tolerated to-day. Besides punitive measures, steps were taken to prevent illegal acts on the Borders. In particular the fords of the different rivers were watched day and night from the first night of October until the sixteenth day of March. Winter was the season of the forays, but there was no safety in summer either. On the waters of Tyll alone there were thirty-nine fords, "which the tenants of the aforesaid townes will damm and stop, because they are not able to watch them." The raiders, as a rule, followed well-defined lines, as that from Carham on the Tweed to Chollerford *viâ* Harbottle. Bales and beacon fires were also utilised. As long ago as the reign of Edward I. bale fires or beacons were ordered to be instantly lighted on the approach of the Scots to the county of Lancaster. But all this has been described once and for ever in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel"; yet it is good to hear it all over again, and those who are interested in Border history and Border romance may be most cordially advised to obtain this excellent study by Mr. Howard Pease.

#### A NEW REVIEW.

The *British Review*, with which is incorporated the *Oxford and Cambridge Review*, edited by Richard Johnson Walker.

IF the *British Review* maintains the high standard of interest evinced in its first number, it ought to have a long and prosperous career. Mr. Phillip Gibbs leads off with a brilliant article on "Secrets of the Bulgarian Victories," full of impressions of the war evidently jotted down red-hot. Perhaps it is this very personal and practical note in the one article which makes Tolstoy's discourse in the succeeding pages on "True and False Science" read rather nebulously. Mr. Cecil Chesterton discourses on Huxley's attitude towards the Catholic faith; and Mr. W. T. Stace contributes a very readable article on the poetry

of W. B. Yeats. One cannot help feeling that recent political events have roused the Right Hon. F. E. Smith to more than ordinary sympathy with the picturesque subject of his Napoleonic sketch, "Brumaire." Sir A. Quiller-Couch contributes a pleasant little dissertation on "If Every Face were Friendly"; and among sundry other articles, ranging in subject-matter from opium to Bristol University, one has more than common appreciation in these moist, unpleasant days for Mr. William Calne's "Tuscan Villa." Poetry is contributed by Katharine Tynan, G. K. Chesterton, Hilaire Belloc and J. C. Squire. Dramatic criticism is provided by Mr. J. E. Harold Terry. "Obiter Dicta," dealing with "The Balkan Position," "Provincial Universities," etc., are contributed by the editor in a broad-minded and lively strain, and several pages are devoted to reviews. Altogether, a very practical and thoughtful literary review, and one of which the editor confesses an incidental aim is to prove, "for it really needs proving nowadays, that literary talent is by no means confined to persons who regard the heritage of the past as a detrimental deadweight."

#### SCIENTIFIC.

*Bedrock*, a quarterly review of scientific thought.

THE fourth issue of *Bedrock*, though scarcely likely to appeal to the light reader, provides much that is interesting and provocative of thought and discussion for students of problems scientific and social. It was indeed to provide an arena in which possessors of a common knowledge and divers opinions could meet and thresh them out that the review was founded, and the number at hand is justified of its contents. The opening article on "The Warfare Against Tuberculosis" is a translation by Sir Ray Lankester, K.C.B., F.R.S., of a paper read by Professor Metchnikoff (of the Institut Pasteur, Paris) to the National Health Society as "Priestly Lecturer" a few weeks since. It is followed by "Phlebotomy Haloes," by J. Joly, F.R.S., being the Huxley Lecture delivered at the Birmingham University last October. The prominent position played by physical problems in modern research is demonstrated by the fact that no fewer than three articles are devoted to the subject: "The Illogical Position of Some Psychological Researches," by Ivor Tuckett; Sir Oliver Lodge on "The Investigation of Consciousness Apart from Brain," by Sir Ray Lankester; and "Science and Spiritualism," by Sir Brian Donkin. Of more general interest will be Professor H. H. Turner's paper, "How Could I Prove that I had been to the Pole?" and the "Milk Problem" as dealt with by Eric Pritchard, M.A., M.D. Professor Schäfer's now famous "Life" address is discussed at length in the reviews, which, with research notes and notes on new apparatus, occupy the last score of pages or so of the volume.

#### A NEW CHURCH MAGAZINE.

*The Dial*. (Monthly.)

AN interesting venture in periodical literature has recently appeared in the shape of a new Church magazine, called *The Dial*. The title has a pre-Raphaelite flavour that carries us back thirty years or so to another "Dial," now a rare bargain for the book-lover; but there is nothing pre-Raphaelite about this latest addition to the long list of monthlies. Although described as a Church magazine, it is markedly free from clericalism, and exhibits an admirable non-partisanship and practicality. Thus in this first number we find Mr. G. K. Chesterton discoursing on the Established Church of Science, and the Archdeacon of Ely almost next door, on Rural Housing, while space is given to Books, Music, Pictures, the Theatre and Cookery.

#### A NOVEL OF FACTS.

*A Runaway Ring*, by Mrs. Henry Dudeney. (William Heinemann.)

MRS. HENRY DUDENEY strikes us as an author who has definitely come to the conclusion that "facts are facts," and that the sooner they are faced the better for all concerned. On this principle, she is not out to make concessions to sentimentality or to any foolish weaknesses her readers may have for the suppression of the uglier qualities of their heroes and heroines. The most exasperating feature of her novels is that they manage to arouse in you conviction that these men and women of hers have their counterpart in real life. It is a consolation, therefore, to reflect finally that everyone does not possess the keen eye and the critical mind of the creator of such men and women as Ninian Baigent and Frusannah and Fanny Floate. Were average humanity as clear-sighted there would be little scope for illusion. Yet we have read *A Runaway Ring* with enjoyment, as we have done in the case of other novels from the author of "Folly Corner," that delightful nosegay of country scents with which all Mrs. Dudeney's work seems to claim kinship having the same irresistible and intensely vital charm.

#### PICTURESQUE AND PRIMITIVE.

*The Toll of the Tides*, by Theodore Goodridge Roberts. (T. Werner Laurie.)

THERE is a primitive savagery in the group of hard-headed, unimaginative wreckers who take their toll of the tides upon the coast of Newfoundland, where Mr. Goodridge Roberts' tale is laid. Led by Black Dennis Nolan, the little gang of one-time cod-fishers turn their attention to a more lucrative employment than that which has hardly found for them the barest necessities of life. Vivid and boldly realistic is the picture Mr. Roberts paints for us of the rise and fall of Black Nolan, whose ill-fortune it is to save from the wreck of the Royal William the beautiful Flora Lockhart, a singer of European fame. His wits bemused by the stranger's loveliness, Nolan determines to make her his wife. The results are disastrous, for Miss Lockhart is a young woman with a mind of her own, and no illusions as to the relative positions of "the skipper" and herself. In the course of a thoroughly good tale Mr. Roberts holds our attention from first to last, and we can commend *The Toll of the Tides* whole-heartedly.

#### FOR THE YOUNG.

*In Search of Each Other*, by Sophie Cole. (Mills and Boon.)

MISS SOPHIE COLE has written a novel which may commend itself to the young person. Judged by the standard of "A Wardour Street Idyll," her latest book is unsatisfactory, and since she has done so much better work than this we are bound to protest against so obvious a retrogression. The plot of *In*



*Search of Each Other* is improbable, and its working out has not even the saving grace of having mystified us; there is never any doubt in our mind as to who is Beatrice Austen's stranger. The adventures through which Marcelle Faithful passes after losing her father upon their arrival in London are of a kind that will not unduly stir any pulse, and we are not particularly interested in the doings of the human environment that receives her. Altogether we seem to have stumbled upon the commonplace where something different was looked for; that we are disappointed goes without saying.

#### A NOVEL OF UNUSUAL CHARM.

*Hadow of Shaws*, by Theo. Douglas. (Methuen.)

SET in the latter part of the eighteenth century, this novel has a peculiarly attractive quality which it is difficult to define, a quality in which atmosphere, treatment and style combine to delight the reader. The story is a somewhat worn one; it is not difficult to hazard a true guess as to the lines upon which the solution of Camilla Hadow's problem of conduct will be worked out, yet this fact does not detract from the interest of her story. Married at an early age, by her father's desire, to Denzil Hadow, for whom she has no liking, Camilla parts from her husband immediately after the ceremony and returns to her father's house. Hadow leaves England for India, unaware that, in failing to acquaint Camilla with his reasons for accepting her unwilling consent to their union, he has left the field open for his father-in-law to traduce him to her. The story opens with the news of Hadow's imminent return to England, after an

absence of four years. Camilla, now orphaned and almost friendless, attempts, upon an impulse of foolish panic, to escape her husband by a subterfuge which embroils her in a series of adventures which, had she anticipated them, must have effectually prevented her from committing herself to so rash a course of action. Throughout a vivacious and delightful novel we have discovered some charming descriptions of the life of the time, and evidences of a shrewd and kindly insight into character.

#### GENIUS AND THE PLUTOCRATS.

*Concert Pitch*, by Frank Danby. (Hutchinson.)

IN *Concert Pitch* Mrs. Frankau is not by any means at her best. The author of "Pigs in Clover" is capable of much more thoughtful and less obvious characterisation than is shown here in her study of Manuella Wagner, the daughter and step-daughter of a pair of vulgar plutocrats whose ambitious plans for her matrimonial settlement that young person's passionate and unbalanced temperament successfully defeats. Mrs. Frankau's story falls into two parts; the first half, a somewhat dull recital of Manuella's fluctuating emotions, when safely overpast, proves to be the less attractive; but the second, which introduces the musical composer Harston Migotti, whom Manuella marries, seizes hold on our attention by force of the insight into the character of the young genius which it undoubtedly betrays. For this careful study we have nothing but praise; excluding it, however, the novel is a concession to the commonplace, and as such leaves behind it no particular impression.

## IN THE GARDEN.

### THE MOUNTAIN CLEMATIS.

THERE are few more fascinating hardy climbing plants than the Clematis, or Virgin's Bower, as some delight to call them. For many years they have rightly claimed an important position in our gardens, where their rambling flower-laden shoots, tumbling lazily about over pergola or tree, or hiding the face of some more or less ugly building, have endeared them to the hearts of all. Popular as the whole family undoubtedly is, there are a few kinds which stand out as universal favourites, and the doyen among these is undoubtedly the small, white-flowered Mountain Clematis, *C. montana*. This should be planted in a sunny position so that its growth can get well ripened in autumn.

In common with other members of the family, the Mountain Clematis must be planted in soil that is thoroughly drained, and if it contains a good quantity of lime, so much the better. If the natural soil is stiff clay, some sand, and, if obtainable, a little peat, should be added, so as to make the whole more porous and thus assist the roots in their rambling search for food. Planting may be successfully carried out at the present time. Although the Mountain Clematis is well adapted for planting against walls, and particularly where its growths can run along and hang suspended from a balcony, I never think it looks more charming and natural than when flinging its slender, flower-bedecked shoots over the limbs of some old tree, for preference one with dark green foliage. Grown thus we get an excellent and pleasing contrast, and one that shows the pure white blossoms off to the best advantage. I have vivid recollections of a Mountain Clematis scrambling over an upright conifer by the lodge-gates of a gardening friend, where the twain

made a pillar of foliage and flower some thirty feet or more in height that must have been the admiration of every passer-by. There must be hundreds of trees about the country that could be made beautiful in this way at a very small cost, providing those who plant remember to keep the roots of the Clematis well out from the trunk of the tree and to place it on the sunny side. Rustic poles, formed of tree branches with side shoots left on, if rammed firmly into the ground, make ideal supports for this Clematis.

Some eight years ago the introduction of a rose-coloured variety of Clematis *montana* caused a great stir in gardening circles. Hailing from Northern China, where it was discovered by Mr. E. H. Wilson, it has proved perfectly hardy in this

country, and although by some considered rather less vigorous than the white species, it is sufficiently strong-growing to quickly clothe a large area. Its botanical name is *C. montana rubens*. Owing to the colour of its flowers, it ought never to be planted against a red-brick wall, but against pergola, rustic poles or, better still, living trees. The blossoms are rather larger than those of the type plant, and it is a beautiful and ideal climber. A word of warning about pruning may be necessary. All that is required is an occasional thinning of the growths immediately after flowering.

### THE HERBACEOUS PHLOXES.

For very many years the herbaceous Phloxes—those bold plants which create such wonderful masses of colour in our beds and borders during late summer and autumn—have been favourites with lovers of hardy flowers. Long before the merits of the bulk of our beautiful herbaceous flowers were appreciated to anything like the extent they ought to have been, these Phloxes had claimed the attention



CLEMATIS MONTANA.



of florists, to whose efforts in cross-fertilisation we largely owe the numerous and beautiful varieties that adorn our gardens to-day. From what species these varieties have been derived it is difficult to say, and there is very little reliable data to enlighten us on this point. In all probability, however, the parents were *Phlox glaberrima* suffruticosa, *P. maculata* pyramidalis and *P. paniculata*. The first of this trio is, as its varietal name implies, of woody habit and early flowering, while the last two are of a more succulent nature, and flower naturally at a later date. The garden varieties were at one time fairly clearly divided into two sections, known respectively as the suffruticose, or early-flowering set, and the decussate, or late-flowering forms; but during recent years intercrossing of varieties belonging to both types has been so frequent that the line of demarcation has been almost obliterated. But this need not worry the would-be cultivator of these beautiful and fragrant flowers; indeed, it is rather useful, inasmuch as the season of flowering of the early set is now blended with, or carried on to, that of the later types, so that we may have our *Phloxes* in flower from June until well into the autumn.

Another result of this intercrossing has been the evolution of plants of heights varying from eighteen inches to as much as five feet, the dwarf ones deriving their habit from the suffruticosa section and the tall ones from the decussata group. The value of these varying heights when arranging the plants for effect must not be overlooked; in large beds, and in lesser degree in mixed borders, it is necessary to have some of the dwarf forms near the edge, so that their more stately *compères* will not be obscured. Fortunately, the cultivation of herbaceous *Phloxes* does not present any serious difficulties, though I doubt whether the best that is possible is obtained in the majority of Southern gardens. In Northern districts, and Scotland in particular, the plants are grown to perfection, and though the more moist climate may account for some of the success, good cultivation, I am convinced, is at the bottom of it all.

Although we do not all possess the deep rich loam that is the ideal soil for *Phloxes*, we can, most of us, make that which we have sufficiently suitable to grow and flower them well. At Kew, for instance, where the sandy soil is the very antithesis of an ideal one, these herbaceous *Phloxes* are grown, if not to perfection, at least sufficiently well to pass muster in the eyes of serious critics. Deep trenching, liberal manuring with, preferably, pig or cow manure, and copious supplies of water and weak liquid manure during the growing season are the keynotes to success with these flowers where the soil is naturally sandy. On the other hand, where heavy clay predominates, the deep trenching and manuring must also be resorted to; but here let the manure be that from the stables, and mix with the top spit of soil burnt earth, wood ashes, old potting soil, road-scrappings from country roads not much frequented by motors, or, indeed, any other substance that will

tend to render the soil porous and warm. Even our ideal loam must be deeply dug and well manured, because it must be confessed that our modern *Phlox* is a voracious plant and one that likes to live on the fat of the land.

Planting is best done during the early spring months, particularly where young plants, raised from cuttings, have been purchased in pots. For ordinary purposes I prefer to rely on pieces taken off the old plants, though this is contrary to the methods advocated by some who make a speciality of the flowers. Such pieces will, however, give results equally as good as, and in some instances even better than, cutting-raised plants, so that I fail to see the objection to them. In gardening, as in all else, opinions change. It is now generally admitted that to have good *Phloxes*, frequent division of the old plants is necessary; indeed, where they thrive well, I prefer to do it every year; yet less than a hundred years ago we have Phillips, in his "*Flora Historica*," saying that the roots should not be divided into too small heads, and that they should not be parted oftener than every second or third year. By carefully dividing the old plants with a fork, and selecting small pieces of the outside growths for replanting, we get several strong basal growths that will give us flower trusses infinitely better not only in size, but in colour and substance, than were old plants allowed to remain and grow as they pleased. This division and replanting may be carried out at almost any time during winter and spring, though for choice I would select February, as new growths then usually commencing and very little check is experienced. Mulching between the plants during hot weather with short manure, frequent soakings with water and weak liquid manure throughout their growing season, and careful staking of the shoots, with an early thinning out of the weakest growths, are the main cultural details that need attention after planting has been well done.

Varieties are now so numerous that it is well-nigh impossible to compile a list without leaving out many that are well worth growing. At trials of varieties held by the Royal Horticultural Society during 1908 and 1909, nearly seven hundred were grown, and although doubtless many of these were similar in appearance, a great many were quite distinct. The following I have found to be good for nearly all purposes: Early-flowering—Attraction (white, crimson centre), Harry J. Veitch (creamy white, crimson centre), Isaac House (silvery pink), Miss Lingard (white, lilac centre), Mrs. Forbes (white), Miss E. H. Jenkins (white), Mrs. J. Robertson (rose lilac), The Queen (soft pink). Late-flowering—Archibald Forbes (rose salmon), Belle Alliance (white, rose centre), Charles Pfitzer (rose pink), Coccinea, Coquelicot (orange scarlet), Crêpuscule (pale lilac), Espérance (deep rose pink), Etna (orange scarlet), Iris (violet, purple centre), John Forbes (pink, crimson centre), La Neige (white), Papillon (lilac-blue) and Wm. Robinson (salmon, violet centre).  
F. W. H.

## ON THE GREEN.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

### THE SWING AT GOLF AND AT JEU DE MAIL: A COMPARISON.

IT is quite interesting to read the instructions for the playing of the game of *jeu de mail*—I mean the methods of stance, swing, etcetera, recommended—and to compare them with the recognised golfing mode of performing the work of driving the ball. *Jeu de mail*, it is to be understood, was by no means a garden game of the croquet kind. It was an athletic business, with a good swing of the mail or mallet from which the game is named; and there is record of one player, a M. Louis Brun, without any assistance of wind or slope, driving a ball four hundred and five paces. It is said that this was on a "smooth court," so we may imagine that only a small percentage of the paces were "carry."

It is curious that I have twice in the last quarter of a century seen what is virtually the mallet, as used in mail, brought out as a new invention, even protected by patent, as a golf club—first by Sir Walter Dalrymple at North Berwick, and second by the late Mr. F. Brewster. And mallet-headed clubs were in use, and effective use, up to the very time when they were ruled out by the Rules of Golf Committee.

The first point of interesting difference that it occurs to me to notice between the instructions for the swing at mail and at golf, respectively, is that, as we are told by M. Lauthier (I quote from the translation of Mr. James Cunningham—the only translation extant, so far as I know), "the hands should neither be

locked together nor too far apart; the arms neither too stiff nor too far extended, but held rather loosely, so that the stroke may be free and easy." It is evident that this teacher has no faith in the virtue claimed for the "interlocking" or the "overlapping" grips. Then he goes on: "The left hand, which is the first to take its grip, should have the thumb in a line with the middle of the mallet head"—that is to say, as we should rather put it, "down the shaft"—"the thumb of the right hand ought to cross rather diagonally over the points of the fingers, and should not be either above nor at the side of the shaft: this is the commonest cause of miss-hits, for if during the swing the right thumb is not crossed over as mentioned, the head swerves in meeting the ball and the blow is not delivered with the point. The mallet must therefore be grasped by the right hand as the racquet is held by the tennis player: for the thumb thus lapped over the point of the fingers is much more firm, keeps the stroke more surely in the designed line, and gives more freedom to the wrist, which should be brought into active use in both games." The writer does not use the language of uncertainty; the thumb is not to be held upon the shaft—either above or at the side—for this manner of holding it is "the commonest cause of miss-hits." It causes the head to swerve when meeting the ball. It is impossible not to recognise that this teacher is a man who has given his subject much thought, and who is no fool withal. What he has to say is worth consideration. Yet it is singular that we find many men

playing golf well with the right thumb held in the very manner he condemns emphatically. It is quite clear that this stroke with the mail had to be executed with great precision, for the very reason indicated in his argument just quoted, namely, that the ball had to be hit on the "point"—that is to say, on the small end of the mallet. It is an instrument which leaves a very narrow margin indeed for error, far smaller than the ordinary golf club gives us, and that is none too much. I can even conceive it possible that a course of practice with clubs made like the mail would be very serviceable to a golfer, because they do not flatter him at all or give him

pleasant illusions. If the ball is not hit absolutely right with them, it is virtually missed.

As for the actual stroke, the advice given indicates a rather shorter swing than that for the statutory full drive at golf. "The body," the instructor writes, "should be held neither too upright nor too much bent, but moderately inclined forward, so that in making the stroke the body is supported by the loins, and is turned gently round with the head from the waist upwards, but so that the eye is still kept on the ball. This half turning



THE GRIP FOR JEU DE MAIL.

of the body is what is meant by 'bringing the loins into play'; this, as it gives a long sweep to the mallet, has the effect of accelerating the blow. The mallet must not be swung too quickly, but evenly and under complete control; it should pause an instant at the top of the swing in order to deliver the blow with vigour, bringing into play the strength of the wrist, without, however, altering the position of the body, arms and legs, so as not to disturb the aim taken when the eye was first fixed on the ball."

The interest, for us, of these instructions lies mainly in their comparison with the precepts which the golf professors give their pupils. This advocacy of the pause at the top of the swing is worthy of notice, for the reason that it is not commended so much by way of an aid to accuracy, as Braid and others have lauded it, especially for the approach strokes, but as a means of giving greater force to the blow, by allowing time for the wrists, etc., to place themselves in such position as to exercise their strength at its most full value. The turn of the body on the hips, the smoothness of stroke and the rigid keeping of the eye on the ball—these are all according to the best and most modern golf doctrine, except as it is preached by some few of the more fantastic heretics. The right length of swing is more clearly suggested in the succeeding paragraph of the book, which deals with "Different Styles of Players." "There are some," the teacher writes under this head, "who play with the arms only, that is, who do not make this half-turn with the loins; but not only do such players cramp the chest by the strain which they throw on the arms by this short swing, but they can never become good or powerful drivers, because they do not swing the mallet sufficiently high. Some swing too much above the head and shoulders, some only waist high, and strike the ball with a jerk, as if they were cracking a whip. There are some who straddle in a strange fashion, and clinging with the points of their toes, fling themselves so uncontrolledly on the ball that if they happen to miss the globe they are bound to fall on their noses."

He makes note of various other eccentric dispositions of one limb or the other, condemning them all alike. It is to be

observed that he refers to a missing of the globe as among the things that happen—nor is it any great wonder that such happenings should be with an instrument so "singularly ill-adapted to the purpose." The length of swing recommended by the author is almost better conveyed by the illustration than by the written words, which shows the mail as nearly as possible vertical, head upwards, at the swing's height. An interval of a full hand's breadth is shown in the illustration of the grip. This is, of course, quite at variance with modern golfing doctrine; but it is to be noted that Mr. Hilton (always interesting, because of his tendency to bold experiment) at one time in his great career was driving with his hands as far apart as this, and driving remarkably well, especially against the wind. He soon gave it up, however, for a more normal method.

H. G. H.

## A DECISION OF THE RULES COMMITTEE.

RATHER a curious point in the operation of the rule regarding casual water on the putting green is brought out in the last batch of decisions given by the Rules of Golf Committee. The question which raised it was sent up by the Sidcup Golf Club, and was as follows: "In a match, A's ball lay about six yards from the hole, and B's ball about four yards from the hole. B's ball stymied A's ball. Under Rule 27 (3) was A entitled to place his ball in a position not nearer to the hole which afforded a putt to the hole without casual water intervening? Rule 27 (3) makes no mention of whether a stymie affects the rule." It may be noted that the question does not expressly state that a piece of casual water lay between B's ball and the hole—and consequently between A's ball and the hole also—but no doubt that was the situation which suggested the enquiry. The committee's answer is as follows: "A was entitled to lift and replace his ball in accordance with Rule 27 (3). Rule 6 directs that a ball must be played wherever it lies, or the hole be given up, except as otherwise provided for in the rules. Rule 27 (3) is an exception to Rule 6. As each player has the right to lift in his turn, the stymie could not recur, A's ball being played to the hole from the new position before B's ball is placed in its new position. It is important to note that a ball lifted in accordance with Rule 27 (3) may not be placed on any spot not nearer the hole, but must be placed on the nearest position to the spot from which it was lifted which affords a putt to the hole without casual water intervening." It is of course the case that if the casual water happened to have intervened between the two balls—a position which the form of the question does not exclude—A would still, by exercising his right to lift, escape the stymie. In either case, the presence of the casual water is a distinct advantage to A in giving him a putt free of the stymie.

## VARDON AND RAY FOR AMERICA.

It was only a week or so ago that we were writing of two American invasions of Great Britain in the coming summer, one by amateurs and another by professionals, and, further, of a solemn International match to take place between professional teams of France and America. Now it is understood that in addition Vardon and Ray are to play in the open championship of the United States at Brookline, which is near Boston. One of the chief authorities at Brookline is Mr.

Herbert Windeler, a member of the Guildford Club, who has been long resident in America and was president of the United States Golf Association in 1903 and 1904. Mr. Windeler has quite lately been playing in England, and told the writer a short while ago that the championship was to be in May and that he much hoped to get some British champions to compete in it. This object has apparently been accomplished by the changing of the date to September. The only possible disadvantage that we can see in the change—from a British point of view—is that it may well be that by September next neither Vardon nor Ray will be open champion. Then, if the open champion did not go also, the International struggle might be robbed of just one element of poignancy, although Vardon and Ray are certainly good enough to defend the national honour, no matter what happens to them at Hoylake next June.



ADDRESSING THE BALL.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

## SPRING IN WINTER.

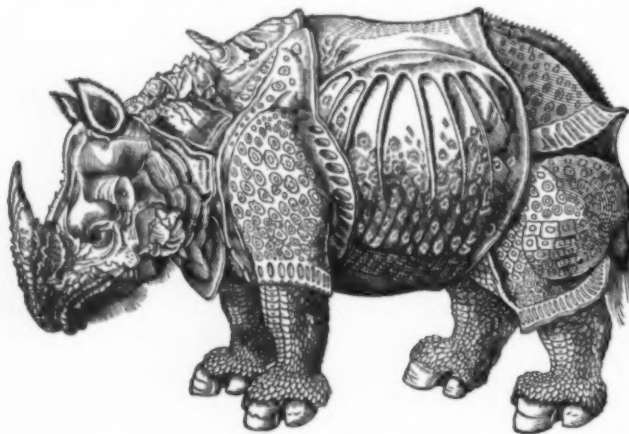
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am enclosing a photograph of a most unusual sight for this time of the year—fool's parsley and snowdrops in blossom with wild arum leaves, taken on January 25th at Fornham St. Martin. It will be seen that the foliage growth is quite luxuriant, and as it would be generally in April.—WALTON R. BURRELL.

## HOW A DRAWING BY DÜRER BETRAYED A "FAKED" POMPEIAN MARBLE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—According to the amusing disclosures made at the last sitting of the Art-Historical Society at Berlin by Dr. Harry David, it appears that one of the most treasured Pompeian relics preserved at the National Museum at Naples turns out to be a barefaced "fake." It is the centre tablet of three white marble bas-reliefs representing animals, which it was believed once graced the atrium of a Roman villa in the doomed city. On it is the bas-relief design of a rhinoceros; but, curiously enough, it is not of the African two-horned kind, but of the one-horned Indian species. And as the Romans were not supposed to have known very much about the fauna of East India, a good deal of scientist's ink has been spilled over the question. It was more than wasted, for it now turns out that the clever modern "faker" who sculptured the rhino patterned it exactly after one of the immortal Dürer's woodcuts engraved by him A.D. 1515. Now, this alone would not prove anything, of course, for the Nürnberg master might have drawn



DÜRER'S RHINO.

his "portrait" after the fac-simile of the Roman carving. But, unfortunately for the "faker," the British Museum possesses the original drawing by Dürer, and on it is written, in the master's own hand, that he drew it after a sketch sent him from Lissabon, and that it represented an animal landed there on May 8th,



"THIS IS FOOL'S PARADISE."

1513, for the King of Portugal. Dürer's remarkable woodcut made a great stir in those picture-starved days, and it was copied and recopied innumerable times; in fact, until quite late into the eighteenth century hardly any other picture of a rhino became public property. Conrad Gesner contributed, of course, more than anybody else to its wide circulation, for he incorporated it into his "Historia Animalium" (1550-87), and from him our garrulous William Topsell borrowed the fantastic depiction of the Asiatic rhino, publishing it in his "Historie of Fourefooted Beastes," which William Iaggard of London issued in 1607. The text accompanying the picture, based on information collected together by Tertullian, Oppian, Pliny and Strabo, makes curious reading, not the least funny remark, taken from the last-named Greek geographer, making a sort of winged beast of our pachyderm. "The Rhinoceros . . . hath also two girdles upon his body like the wings of a Dragon, comming from his backe downe to his belly, one toward his necke or mane, and the other toward his loines and hinder parts."—WILLIAM A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN.

## WHITE JAVA Doves.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can any of your readers give me information about the following? I have a small colony of white Java doves in my garden. They are housed in a good-sized dovecote and fly about all day, coming back to be fed and shut up each evening. Within the last month one after the other has sickened and either died or had to be destroyed. Symptoms: Gradual closing of both eyes; constantly yawning and apparently unable to swallow food; very much like gapes in chickens. The birds are fed daily on bread, well crumbled, and Spratt's dove food, with plenty of clean, fresh water. They have been established in this garden for over seven years and have never shown any signs of disease before.—M. M. HART, Feniton, Devon.

[The disease is probably due to constant inter-breeding, which has a very pernicious effect upon doves, and no doubt the wet summer last year, acting upon the weakened constitutions of the young birds, aggravated the disease which had been developing for some years past. These white Java doves are far more susceptible to damp and cold than the ordinary collared ones. Avoid overcrowding. Their treatment otherwise seems quite right, though the bread should not be supplied too freely.—Ed.]

## BEING PLATED FOR THE RACE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of the Cottenham Steeplechases which you may like to use in your paper. This quaint meeting is held right out in the open, marquees being erected for refreshment-rooms, weighing-rooms, etc. The picture shows a horse being plated for a race in the corner of a field, quite a contrast to the regular race-course stable quarters. The effect was most picturesque.—J. WOODLAND FULLWOOD.

## CLOVER AND MOSS ON LAWNS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In answer to the enquiry of your correspondent L. Sayers, which appeared in COUNTRY LIFE for January 25th, there is only one way to get rid of clover with any certainty, and that is by cutting with a very sharp scythe in mid-summer when the sun is hot. The clover must be shaved as close as possible—a mowing-machine is no good for this. Moss comes generally from poverty of the soil, but bad drainage will also bring it. The best way to treat the lawn in the former case is to use an iron rake and give the lawn a thorough raking over, tearing out the moss; then sprinkle some fine grass seed and give a light dressing of prepared compost. This should be composed of well-rotted top-spit



HORSE PLATED IN THE OPEN.



with which horse-manure and soot have been well mixed. The best time to do this is in early spring and mid-September. Where a lawn is really bad, this treatment should be persevered with for two or three years running. A dressing of Walker's S.P. Charcoal will also have a very good effect, especially on heavy soils. This should only be used when the grass is growing in spring and autumn.—W. HERBERT FOWLER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Enriching the soil of a tennis court as though it were a goose required for Christmas is very well for producing green cover, but is of little value for practical lawn tennis requirements. Although moss and clover proceed from different causes, raking in September, sowing a proper mixture of grass seeds, discouragement with appropriate chemical manures and, if necessary, giving a little further seed and manure in late spring, are the only satisfactory ways of getting rid of clover and moss together, and the raking is of most value. I doubt the wisdom of removing turf and laying two or three inches of sand or fine ashes on any new ground or ground that must stand much wear. Grass requires soil to grow upon, and sand and ashes are not noted for their nourishing properties. Moisture does not come through from the subsoil, the grass comes pale and thin, and when the sun shines the sand and ashes get hot and the grass is soon "cast into the oven." During a dry summer it is almost impossible to keep courts constructed on any quantity of ashes or sand, with a thin sod on top, and well drained with agricultural pipes, sufficiently watered. At the Yorkshire Lawn Tennis Club (Scarborough), where the North of England Championships (Grass and Hard Court) are played every year in August and at Easter, and where we have plenty of ashes and sand, we top-dress heavily at every opportunity, to give the grass something to live upon.—J. P. MEDLEY.

A BIRD FREAK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to the blackbird with white head mentioned in your issue of January 11th, we have here in Clevedon a perfectly white blackbird, hatched last spring in St. John's Vicarage garden. He is always flying about in that neighbourhood, and is in full song.—E. P.

THE SNOWSTORM ON HELVELLYN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send you a few snow views from Helvellyn after the late eighteen-inch snowfall. The shepherd with his two dogs is digging for sheep under the drifts—a true bit of "country life"!—M. J. R.

THE LABOURER'S WAGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read your leading article on country labourers' wages with great interest. I have the strongest objection to what we understand is the land policy of the present Government and to the enforced breaking up of our great landed estates, yet it is no good hiding the fact that the country labourer is underpaid. The wages in the counties you name have, at any rate, to be brought up some 2s. to 3s. a week at least, and it should be for the Unionist Party, who are most directly connected with the land, to see this is done. It is clear that farmers for several years past have been able to show most satisfactory balance-sheets. All prices

of produce have gone up considerably, and though certain farming costs have gone up with the advance in the prices of produce, yet the labourer's wage is at a standstill and the landlord's rent is at a standstill, and the sooner the farmer realises that his labourers must be paid a decent wage, and the landlord recognises that steps must be taken to secure good housing accommodation, the better.—S.

DOG-GATES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In answer to your correspondent "A. B.," there were, and probably still are, at Slyfield, Stoke D'Abernon, near Leatherhead, Surrey, dog-gates at the foot of the staircase. This house is now, I think, a private residence. It was, when I used to fish the river there, inhabited by a farmer and his wife, who were always glad to let people see over the interesting old manor house.—L. R. LACK.

WINTER PHOTOGRAPHY IN SWITZERLAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Too many photographers, going to the Alps in winter, are prone to take with them only their smallest and most portable cameras. There is much fine landscape work to be done, and a large-sized stand camera is by no means the burden which it would be at home. The toboggan carries it. Strapped on the toboggan it can be taken everywhere, without effort, and its weight is hardly felt. Arrived at the top of a slope, the photographer can take his seat on the toboggan behind the camera, and slide, apparatus and all, perhaps a couple of miles without the slightest effort beyond steering and preventing an upset. I and my whole-plate camera, plus a cumbersome tripod, have travelled over the roads and bridle-paths of much of Switzerland in this manner. In summer, when there is no snow, only the most portable type of camera would have been practicable.—W. M.



A COLD SEARCH.



THE DISCOVERED FLOCK.



EASY TRANSPORT.

## A PORTABLE BRAZIER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am much interested in the portable brazier for charcoal described by Mr. Butterfield in your issue of January 25th. One very much like it was constantly used in our house in Somersetshire when I was a child. It had no foot-board, and was very simply made with holes on the top, and it rested on trivets. It was used whenever a room required airing or if it was damp. The charcoal came from the neighbouring Quantock Hills, where in those days there were regular charcoal-burners, living in little huts for part of the year. When we took a house in 1897 in the same locality I enquired of an old servant if the charcoal and the braziers were still to be got, but was told the charcoal-burning had long been given up and the braziers were not to be had. "What should you want those old-fashioned things for, ma'am, when you can have such beautiful oil-stoves nowadays?" I think the charcoal brazier excellent for using in country houses, especially if they are at all damp. It was so little trouble, so clean and very drying, and the slight smell rather pleasant than otherwise. I recollect the windows were always carefully opened after its use in any room, and I should think the fumes must be unhealthy otherwise. In the same house charcoal was used in the kitchen for fuel. I think there was some kind of fixture where the charcoal was burnt, and a stewpan or saucepan could be put over it. I, too, should be interested in hearing the experience of anyone else as to the braziers, and especially if they are still obtainable.—A. F. S. E.

## THE GOVERNMENT AND A POPULAR SUPERSTITION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—On a recent visit to the Rollright Stones in Oxfordshire I was pleased to observe that the King Stone and the Whispering Knights were under Government protection in pursuance of the Ancient Monuments Act, 1882. This being so, I was puzzled to understand why a large and very flourishing elder tree was permitted to grow in the midst of the Whispering Knights. The umbrageous interloper hid the stones almost entirely from view, besmirched them with green slime from its leaves, and must, I should think, by the growth of its roots, be undermining the foundations of the whispering warriors. Why does His Majesty's Office of Works tolerate this leafy trespasser? Why is not the Government axe brought into play? The answer is, I think, not far to seek. Like all country people, the Cotswold folk regard the elder with superstitious awe, believing it to be the tree on which the traitor Judas hanged himself. The felling of an elder is averred to bring years of ill-luck to its destroyer, and only recently, in connection with certain improvements to the Windsor Race-course, much difficulty was experienced in finding a man reckless or courageous enough to remove one of these trees. There are many other superstitious beliefs connected with the elder. Sprigs of the tree carried in the breeches pockets prevent "losing leather." Thus equipped, to quote an old writer, "the horseman shall not fret nor gaul let the horse go never so hard." A lame pig could be cured by simply boring a hole in the ear and inserting a small peg of elder. Elder leaves on which the sun had never shone worn as an amulet would ward off erysipelas, while a cross made of elder and willow mutually entwining one another was deemed a lucky charm for children to carry. Tea brewed from elder flowers plucked at midsummer would apparently act as a kind of elixir of life, making the drinker "seem young a great while." Finally, "if boys were beaten with an elder stick it hinders their growth." All things considered, I think His Majesty's Office of Works is well advised in leaving the Rollright elder tree



THE ELDER THAT BIDS FAIR TO THROW THE KNIGHTS.

unmolested. Were it interfered with there is no telling what calamities might overtake the Government!—JOHN B. TWYSCROSS.

## MAN AND NATURE.

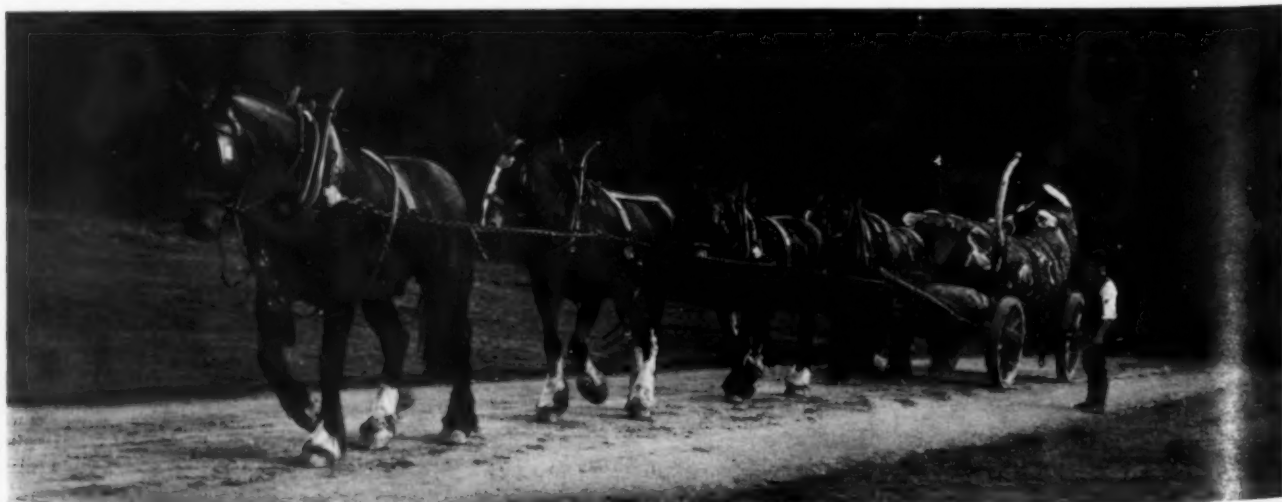
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send you two photographs to show the constant supervision which Nature requires; the first shows a branch which has been allowed to die, and



BURNHAM BEECHES, THE PROCESS OF DECAY.

decay has commenced. The other is of a tree felled in its prime, while still beautiful and useful to man. Though man's gardening means the loss of much, yet it is very difficult to see how his interference can be avoided. Burnham Beeches is, of course, one of the most charming woodlands that can be found in these islands, and gives pleasure every year to thousands who love Nature.—H. W. NICHOLLS.



IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK.



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